THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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Historical Society [illegible]

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1928.

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"Pekoe" comes from the Chinese word "Pak-he", meaning silver hair, which was applied to the tip leaves on the Chinese tea bush. Tip leaves are wiry in shape. In India they were more orange in colour, so were called "Orange Pekoe" (Pak-he).

Surveying and Engineering
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Ontario Land Surveyor.
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Drainage Engineering.
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NAPANEE, ONT.
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French and American Trimmed Hats

Including copies of these models and exclusive designs from our own work room.

LADIES' SCARFS

In Crepe de Chene and Georgette, printed designs, three cornered and squares.

HOSIERY AND SILK LINGERIE
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The Leading Millinery House

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New Ready-to-Wear Suits and Top Coats.
New Hats, Caps and Shoes
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New Spring Suits & Top Coats
Tailored to your measure
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W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

FARM FOR SALE

A good tillable farm of 145 acres, well watered, good buildings, convenient to school, cheese factory and church. Two miles from Napanee, known as the Mooney farm, situated on Hamburg road. A quick sale for cash. Apply to DAN MOONEY, on premises. R. R. 2. Tel. 69-ring 51. 18-bp

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Bulk Sales Act.

All persons having claims against GRANT L. PAUL, carrying on business as PAUL'S BOOKSTORE in the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, are required to send same, verified by affidavit, to Uriah Morley Wilson, of the said Town of Napanee, Solicitor, on or before the 1st day of May, A.D., 1928.

The said business has been sold and proceeds of the sale will be divided after the said date amongst those creditors whose claims have been filed.

Dated at Napanee, Ontario, March 23rd, 1928.

U. M. WILSON,
Solicitor.
Trustee.

18-d

FOR SALE — Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 13-tf

MONEY—Somebody lost money in the County of Hastings. If they will advertise it in this paper and in the Deseronto Post, when and where, and how much they lost, they might recover it 15-dp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

WANTED TO BUY—Old furniture over fifty years old, by private buyer interested in antiques, also old china, glass, silver and needlework. Those having any of the above, write DRAWER 180, Napanee. Replies strictly confidential. 18-cp

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

The annual meeting of the Bay of Quinte Ladies Softball League was held in the Belleville Y.M.C.A. on Thursday, March 29th. A delegation from the Napanee Leafs were present for the purpose of again entering their team in the league.

Th Ontarios, who were missing last year, will again have a team entered, as well as the Beavers. Efforts re being made to include another team from Point Anne or Trenton. Deseronto apparently will be unable to play again. At any rate, the league will be far stronger than last season, when the Beavers were the sole Belleville representatives.

The presidency of the league this year goes to Napanee, Mr. Grant Paul being elected by acclamation. The girls will therefore have to find a new manager, as the delegates were of the opinion that an important executive of the league should manage one of the teams, after the trouble experienced last year, when the president, after the league had been won by Napanee, attempted to force a play-off series in a league that was reduced to two teams.

It is to be hoped that a suitable manager will be found at once, so that the Leafs can get together and commence a series of exhibition games. The Belleville players have been playing all winter in a city league there, and are apt to find our girls out of practice when the league opens unless a few games can be arranged before that time. It is expected that a game with the Ontarios will be arranged for the near future, and it should be a good one. The last encounter between these teams, which took place at the Fall Fair here last year, was probably the best game ever played in town. Napanee, it will be remembered, defeated the visitors in thirteen innings, Lillian Wagar pitching the whole game for Napanee

Napanee does not appear at present to be as strong as last season, as several regulars will be missing from their lineup, but the nucleus of a new championship team is available, including Dot Johnston and Margaret Douglas, pitchers ; Marion Gras and Mary Stinson, catchers ; Hazel O'Neill, Marion Douglas, Marion Embury, Lenore Fraser, Mildred Blackadder, and one or two others. It might also be possible, when the league season opens, to persuade Beatrice McGuire to favor us with a few home runs.

The town would welcome some real games in the Armouries. Let's go !

Beautify your Home.

Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Wall paints, floor paints, also brushing Lacquers; dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all lines. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt delivery. Phone 138.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WILTON

Everyone is glad to see the snow going once more and the cars are able to reach the highway again.

Mr. Byron Caton has returned to Wilton, after visiting friends in Kingston. All were glad to see him once again.

The W. M. S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. J. W. Babcock. A large crowd attended in spite of the bad roads. A dainty luncheon was served by the hostess at the close of the meeting.

Services started in the United church on Sunday morning, April 1st, and will continue through the summer months, every other Sunday morning and evening.

The many friends of Mr. Arthur Davison are glad to see him out again after his long illness.

Mr. J. E. Miller has been on the sick list.

A number of farmers have tapped and claim a good run of sap.

in a Low Priced Car

THE most recent trend of automobile design is strikingly exemplified in the "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet. The high, narrow radiator . . . the long, low bodies . . . the unbroken sweep of the lines from front to rear . . . the stylish blending of colors in finish and upholstery . . . these distinguish Chevrolet as unmistakably new and fashionable. In power, in speed and snap, the "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet is no less modern and vigorous. Countless refinements in engine and chassis give Chevrolet a performance as dependable as it is brilliant. The "Bigger and Better" Chevrolet, alone among low-priced cars, has truly caught the modern spirit.

The G.M.A.C. . . . General Motors' own deferred payment plan affords the most convenient and economical way of buying your Chevrolet or any other G.M. car. C-1218C

NEW AND LOWER PRICES

Roadster	$625.00	Imperial Sedan	$890.00
Touring	625.00	Cabriolet	835.00
Coupe	740.00	Commercial Chassis	470.00
Coach	740.00	Roadster Delivery	475.00
Sedan	835.00	Ton Truck Chassis	635.00
		Roadster Express	$650.00

All prices at Factory, Oshawa—Government Taxes, Bumpers and Spare Tire Extra.

READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

CHEVROLET

107" wheelbase, 4 inches longer. Bigger, roomier Fisher Bodies. Non-locking four-wheel brakes. New shock absorber springs. Crankcase breathing system. "Invar-strut" constant clearance pistons.

Bigger and Better

C. A. WISEMAN,
Napanee, Ont.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
March 19th, 1928.

Council met in special session on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy, presiding.

Present—Councillors Simpson, Daly, Ungar, Tustin, Loucks.

A communication was read from W. G. Wilson, County Clerk, enclosing a by-law passed at the recent session of the County Council, in reference to equalization of the town's assessment.

Referred to the Finance Committee to report at a special meeting to be called by the Mayor.

A communication was read from the City of Oshawa, asking the council to pass a resolution petitioning the Provincial Government for the construction of a highway along the water front from Toronto to the Quebec border.

Ordered filed.

A communication was read from W. A. Hare, Ottawa, enclosing a bill of lading for a couple of street carts to be used in keeping the pavements clean.

Ordered filed.

A communication was read from Dr E. Ming, thanking the Council for beautiful wreath and the kind words of condolence in the recent death of his wife.

Ordered filed.

Reeve Boyes entered and took his seat at the Council Board.

Coun. Simpson, chairman of Finance Committee presented the Treasurer's monthly statement concerning the finances of the town to date.

Report adopted.

The Committee also reported, recommending the no action be taken at present in reference to the grant asked for by the Poultry Association ; that the application of the Victorian Order of Nurses for a grant of $500 be granted and that the amount be paid the V.O.N. at such times as they may need it.

Report adopted.

The Fire and Water Committee reported recommending the purchase of a new 45-foot extension Seagrave ladder, also one 50-foot and one 35-foot Seagrave ladder from the Bickle Fire Engine Co., Woodstock. Also that 6 five-gallon water tanks with douglas nozzles be procured for the Fire Department.

Report adopted.

On motion Mr. Wm. Morris will be employed as caretaker of the Harvey Warner Park for the year 1928, at a salary the same as last year.

Coun. Daly reported that Mr. Thompson, of Belleville, the architect employed to look after the remodelling of the town hall, had visited Napanee about a week ago, and in company with the Town Property Committee, had made a thorough inspection of the town hall, and was at present preparing plans and specifications for same.

Report adopted.

An agreement between the Corporation of the Town of Napanee and Mr. H. Bouwers, for the latter's employment as driver of the fire truck, was introduced and passed.

The Fire and Light Committee were given instructions to investigate and report to council in reference to agreement whereby the streets of the town were being lighted.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

A. T. Grahame	$ 17 91
J. M. Graham	2 15
Hydro Elec. Commission	5 40
H. McGee	23 80
C. I. Maybee	34 85

Council adjourned.

ERINSVILLE.

A very severe electric storm passed over this locality on Monday evening last, but no damage was done. It was followed by heavy rain and then by snow.

A couple of local hunters while out fox-hunting with hounds, started a deer, but the dogs were soon taken off and the animal dashed to safety.

Sugar-making has started and some have reported a good run of sap.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donohue, a girl; also to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flanagan, a girl.

DESERONTO.

George E. Pearson, Sr., one of the most highly respected citizens of this place, has been a resident of Deseronto for the past forty years. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Pearson, who came to this country in 1838 and settled East of Napanee, where the subject of this sketch was born in 1840. Mr. Pearson married to Miss Anna Shannon, of Newburgh, in 1862. Six children were born of the union, five of whom are now living : Mrs. N. A. Glass, Calgary ; Mrs. H. H. Stockton, Watertown, N.Y.; Mrs. J. F. Coates, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. J. A. Smith, Sudbury, and George E. Peason, Jr., Deseronto.

Mr. Pearson, after marriage, engaged in the baking and butcher business until a few years ago when he retired. He is 88 years of age and is enjoying the very best of health and excellent spirits. He is a devoted Wesleyan Methodist and a Conservative of long standing. He is well-known and highly respected by everyone.

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials

That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

I have interviewed a number of citizens and find some are very much in favor of Daylight Saving Time and others are not. To get a fair estimate for and against it, I think those who are sufficiently interested in this subject will take the trouble to address a postcard to the Mayor, stating they are, or are not, in favor of Daylight Saving Time. The number of cards received will be taken as a basis for my report to the Council.

E. J. ROY, Mayor.

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Notice of Registration of By-Law No. 509

Notice is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 23rd day of March, 1928, providing for the negotiation of an advance by the Dominion Bank to the amount of $130,000.00 for the purpose of meeting the expenditures for the construction and the maintenance of highways forming part of the County Road System of the County during the year 1928, under Highway Improvement Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 54, and that such by-law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 30th day of March, 1928, as No. 93. Any motion to quash, or set aside, the same, or any part thereof, must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 31st day of March, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

19-d

OBITUARY

MRS. (DR.) MING.

Genuine sorrow came to the hearts of a large circle of her friends on Monday, March 26th, on learning of the sudden death of Katharine Duckworth, wife of Dr. E. Ming, M.P.P. While for some months she had not been in good health, deceased was in her usual health even up to the very moment of her death, being engaged in her regular household duties when stricken. As a wholehearted, sympathetic neighbor and friend, we may safely say she was not excelled in town. As a poor boy, particularly, she was a genuine friend. Not so long ago she gave a regular banquet to fourscore boys, and when remonstrated with for giving so much of her strength and trouble in this way, she said, "They are all some mother's boys, and it may do them good."

No sacrifice was too great for her if the boy could be helped. Mrs. Ming was one of the three surviving members of the original Ladies' Aid of Grace Church, and has been a regular, helpful member continuously ever since. She will be greatly missed in this and all other church work. Messages expressive of regret and sympathy were received from a great number of members of the Provincial House of Parliament, including one from the Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, one from W. E. Sinclair, leader of the Opposition, one from J. G. Lethbridge, leader of the Progressives, one from P. Fontaine, one from Hon. J. D. Hazen, and one from Hon. W. F. Nickle.

The death of Mrs. Ming is the first break in a family of ten brothers and sisters. Besides her sorrowing husband, deceased is survived by one son, Mr. L. H. Ming, B.A., of Ottawa ; her only daughter, Florence, having predeceased her some years ago.

Grace Church, the church she so greatly loved, was filled at the funeral services on Thursday afternoon, the service being conducted by her pastor, the Rev. W. P. Wenger, assisted by Rev. A. J. Terrill, of Consecon ; Rev. Dr. Baker, of Albert College, Belleville ; and Rev. Mr. Boyce, B.A., of Bethel.

The floral tributes were beautiful beyond description, there being about fifty separate pieces, from the elaborate Government and Municipal wreaths to the handful of violets from loving friends.

Among the out-of-town people who attended the funeral were : Robert Duckworth, New York City; Mrs. Duckworth, Detroit ; Wm. Duckworth, Toronto ; Jas. Duckworth, Belleville ; Mrs. L. Kimball, Rhinelander, Wis. ; Mrs. Carrie McCullough, Toronto ; Dr. John Gilpin, Fort Wayne, Ind. ; Dr. and Mrs. Ackerill, Belleville ; Mrs. Robt. Wallace, Belleville ; Mr. Newman, M.L.A., (Victoria ; Dr. W. G. Robertson, M.L.A., Colborne ; Mr. Smith, M.L.A., Iroquois, Ont. ; Hon. Nelson Parliament, Toronto.

MINERVA ANN ASSELSTINE

Kingston's oldest resident, and the oldest in the entire district, died on Tuesday, by the passing of Mrs. Minerva Ann Asselstine, in her 103rd year. Had she lived until June 18th she would have reached the remarkable age of 104 years.

The late Mrs. Asselstine was possessed of marvellous faculties. For twenty-six years she had been an invalid, but until the last few days, when her speech was somewhat effected, she was as bright as ever. Her memory never failed her, and she was able to recall incidents as far back as 100 years.

The late Mrs. Asselstine was born on June 18th, 1824, a few miles west of Odessa, the daughter of the late Capt. John Parrott. She was the eldest daughter of a family of thirteen children, and her father was attached to a battalion stationed in Kingston at he time that Fort Henry was built. Her mother remained in Maine and joined the army of the Revolution. Col. Parrott, a great uncle of the late Mrs. Asselstine, returned to Canada and settled near Odessa. He built the brick Methodist Church on the South concession, and the bricks used in 1792, about the same time as the Hay Bay Church was built. Col. Parrott was associated with the United Empire Loyalists, such as the Hon. Richard Cartwright and other stalwarts, who were the leaders in the settlement of this district. Parrott Bay was named for this prominent family.

A VAST OUTLAY.

The Bell Telephone Company, of Canada, in one item of its annual report, puts at $18,628,339 the 1927 expenditure for gross additions to its property in Ontario and Quebec—land, buildings, central office equipment, outside plant and subscribers' apparatus Plans for 1928 will involve an outlay of more than 22 millions. This is said to be the largest continuous expenditure for extension of facilities made by any Canadian enterprise.

OBITUARY

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Joseph Laveck, Jr., suffered a serious accident on Wednesday while engaged in sawing wood. His mitten caught on a knot on a log, and his hand was drawn in front of the saw. The thumb was severed and the first finger badly cut.

Owing to the unfavorable condition of the roads, "The Slickers," presented by Napanee talent on Tuesday evening, was not well attended, but those present report a most enjoyable evening. Every part was so well taken and the acting was most natural..

Mrs. T. Chalmers and infant daughter are at home after a couple of months spent at her home in Deseronto.

Mrs. W. Magee has returned after spending a few days with relatives in Napanee.

Mrs. W. H. Duffett and daughter, who have been visiting in Ottawa, are at home.

The members of the W.M.S. are hoping for favorable weather for the presentation of their pageant "The Spirit of Easter" on Good Friday evening.

Large hens are appearing in the bay, although the colder weather the last few days has drid up much of the mud

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

ODESSA.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Wilfred C. Upper, formerly Miss Eileen Merriman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormac, was held from her home in St. Catharines last Tuesday afternoon. At the same hour, her grandmother, Mrs. Sherman Bond, arranged a memorial service at her home here, and a large number of relatives and friends assembled to offer sympathy, all of whom Mrs. Bond wishes to thank very much for their kindness. The service was conducted by Rev. Linstead, who took his text from the 4th chapter of Thessalonians, 13th verse. Mr. Bond and Mr. and Mrs. James Koen attended the funeral in St. Catharines. Besides her husband, parents and grandparents, she leaves to mourn her loss an infant son, Jack Sherman Upper. Interment took place in St. Catharines.

The funeral of the late Alexander Hymens Laughlin was held Saturday afternoon last, from the late Rev. Moffat, of Wilton, officiated. The remains were placed in Cataraqui vault to be interred later in Cataraqui cemetery. To mourn his loss remain one daughter, Miss Aggie Laughlin, at home, and one son, Harry, of Belleville. The late deceased was in his eighty-fifth year and a highly respected resident.

H. J. Smith has sold his residence on Ferguson avenue, to Mrs. William Tolls, of Inverary, who expects to take possession on or before May 1st, and was purchased Mrs. Watts' residence on Centre street. Mr. Smith plans on making this an ideal home and the work of repairing and the installation of electric lights has begun.

W. R. Lake, late of Trenton, has purchased the Nelson Booth residence on Main street, probably better known as the P. V. Mabee property. Mr. Booth bought this place a few years ago and kept it for a summer home, as his residence and place of business are both in Brooklyn, N.Y. He contemplates spending the summer months at his new summer home at Collins Bay.

Mrs. R. H. Davis, who passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Baxter, Pittsburgh on March 18th, was born and raised in Sharpton, about three miles from here and was a resident of the village for a number of years. The deceased was formerly Miss Jane Sharpe and was an aunt of Elgin Parrott and of Mrs. C. Smith, and will be remembered by many.

Miss Frankie Asselstine has returned from spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Shaver and Rev. Shaver in Winnipeg. Her many friends are delighted to see her.

Mrs. Charles Timmerman has been spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) H. E. Day, of Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Babcock are visiting his mother, Mrs. Charley Babcock.

Mrs. Wesley Sharpe spent Wednesday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Shannon, Bath.

Meaford Montgomery is preparing to move back to his farm home.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE THREE ACT COMEDY, "Slickers," will be presented in St. Mary Magdalene school room on Thursday evening, April 26th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

EUCHRE AND DANCE—On April 4th, the next regular euchre and dance will be held in the rooms of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F. These events are open to Oddfellows and their friends.

Special Low Prices at Kimmerly's

Red Clover, Alsyke, Alfalfa, Timothy, and Sweet Clover

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

THE RESURRECTION.

(Easter Lesson.)

Sunday, April 8—Mark 16 : 1-20.

Golden Text—Because I live, ye shall live also (John 14 : 19).

It is a joyous privilege to study the Resurrection at this Easter season. This means looking ahead in our study of the earthly experiences of our Lord, and next Sunday resuming the chronological order of events in His earthly life. In that week's lesson the Lord told His disciples that He must suffer many things, and be rejected,.....and be killed, and after three days rise again." Peter tried to dissuade Him, but Peter could not dissuade the Creator from becoming the Saviour of the world. Peter was voicing Satan's hope and purpose; but Satan could not prevent Christ from bringing the deliverance of the world. Doubtless he thought he had done so when Christ died on the cross and was buried. That week's study shows us "that through death He (Christ) might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2 : 14, 15). The very thing that Satan and the other enemies of Christ must have thought was their greatest triumph proved to be their greatest defeat. And what seemed to the disciples their Master's greatest defeat proved to be His greatest triumph.

It has been well said that women were the last at the cross and the first at the tomb. They are specially mentioned in both connections (Matt. 27 : 55, 56, 61). It is but another of the innumerable expressions of the privilege of God that, as woman had a foremost place in the ruin of the race (Gen. 3 : 6), she was privileged to have a foremost place in God's redemption of the race (Gen. 3 : 15, Luke 1 : 30-33).

Did any followers of Christ, men or women, really believe that He was going to rise from the dead? Certainly the eleven disciples did not believe it (Luke 16 : 11, 13, 14). This lesson tells us that the Lord "upbraided them (the eleven) with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen." Did the women who went to the tomb early in the morning of the first day of the week believe He would rise? If they did, why did they bring "sweet spices, that they might come and anoint Him?" Is it possible that Mary of Bethany, who broke her "alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious" and poured the ointment on the Lord's head, was the only one who not only saw that He must die, but believed that He would rise again? Our Lord said of her, "she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying" (Mark 14 : 3-8). Was this because she knew it would be unnecessary or impossible to anoint the Lord's body after His burial, because He would rise again?

When the women with the spices drew near the sepulchre they were asking themselves, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Then they looked and they "saw that the stone was rolled away." Why had it been rolled away? Was it in order to let the risen Christ leave the tomb? Did He rise before or after the stone was rolled away?

The Scriptures do not tell us. Commentators have taken different views of the matter, but the account in Matthew (28 : 1-8) implies that the Lord had risen before an angel "descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door." As has been well said, the great stone was rolled back, not in order to let the Lord out, but in order to let His disciples in. For the supernatural body of the Lord after—His resurrection passed through closed doors, and appeared and disappeared at His will (Luke 24 : 31 ; John 20 : 19, 26).

As the women entered the sepulchre they saw one "who was evidently an angel from Heaven, and they were frightened. The official watches who had been stationed there under Pilate's order, saw the angel when he rolled back the great stone, and "for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men" (Matt. 28 : 4). To them there was no word of reassurance; but to the women, believing in Christ, the heavenly visitant spoke the word, "Be not affrighted." Then he told them the Good News ; Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified, was risen from the dead. The angel added, "the place where they laid Him."

There has never been any good news like this since the world began. It has been truly said that whereas of all other graves the epitaph reads "Here lie —" of this grave alone it could be said, "He is not here."

But that resurrection epitaph is not going to be limited to the sepulchre of the Lord Jesus Christ. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept..... But every man in his own order : Christ the first fruits ; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming" (I. Cor. 15 : 20, 23).

Last week we saw how Christ suffered and died as the sin-bearer under the curse of God, because God must hate sin. It has been said that when God raised Christ from the dead this resurrection was God's receipt in full for the payment made—Christ's life paid, by His shed blood in death, as the full penalty for man's sins.

In the resurrection God and Christ demonstrated their "uttermost" victory over Satan and sin and the wages of sin, which is death

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

Here and There

(39)

David J. Gowans has been appointed assistant general manager of hotels eastern lines, Canadian Pacific Railway, announcement was made recently. Mr. Gowans whose headquarters will be in Montreal has been connected with the railway for over thirty years and has been handling C. P. R. hotel work since 1906.

Vancouver.—The first radio telephone conversation between Vancouver and Great Britain took place on Thursday, March 8th, when a member of a local business firm talked to a representative of the firm in London. Each could hear the other distinctly, they said. The call lasted four minutes and cost $76. This conversation was said to be the longest ever made in the British Empire, spanning a distance of 7,000 miles.

John G. Strathdee, director of winter sports at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec City, states that the winter season just concluded there was the best in the history of the city. Many parties came from New York, New England States, Chicago and even as far south as Wilmington, Del. The season practically came to an end with the Eastern International Dog Derby February 26-29. Racing commenced at the end of December.

A contract for the building of a new steamer for the British Columbia Coast Steamship Service to take the place of the Princess Beatrice on the Prince Rupert—Skagway—west coast of Vancouver Island run, has been signed by E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The new steamer will be 250 feet long by 48 feet broad and will have a service speed of 15.5 knots with accommodation for 170 first-class passengers.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics the average production of wheat over the five years 1922-26 in Manitoba was 17.8 bushels to the acre, in Saskatchewan 17.3 bushels to the acre and in Alberta 17.2 bushels to the acre. The average values per bushel in the same period were respectively $1.00, 97c and 94c, making the respective gross returns per acre from wheat for the three provinces $17.50, $16.78 and $16.16.

Commenting on the use of the harvester-thresher or "combine" in Saskatchewan the International Harvester Co. states that during 1924 and 1925 representatives concluded the general use of this machine for harvesting grain crops in Western Canada was thoroughly practicable. In 1926 a number of machines were sold there and excellent testimonials were received from purchasers. In 1927 there was a greatly increased sale due to the showing, and results were under the unfavorable conditions prevailing that season were strikingly successful.

Over 600 new families arriving in Canada this year with limited capital can be looked after and settled advantageously in Alberta by the various provincial agents of the Canada Colonization Association, according to reports submitted by various representatives at the annual Alberta convention just concluded at Calgary. The objective first set was 400 families, but a survey showed that at least 200 more settlements could be made. T. O. F. Herzer, manager of the association, reported that during the past three years 488 families had been settled in Alberta on 122,- 926 acres of land, of which 183 were settled last year.

A CHEQUE ON LONDON.

French Hotelkeeper Says They Are Taken as Gold.

In a letter to John o' London's Weekly "H.F.T." tells the following story about an Englishman's cheque in Paris, and of the confidence which a Frenchman had in the English banking system:

Shortly after the Armistice I happened to stay in one of the leading hotels at Florence. The manager, seeing that I was a British officer of rank, asked my advice in regard to a cheque which he had received from a British officer in settlement of his bill. The cheque had been returned to him from the London bankers marked "Return to drawer." This he did not understand, I explained to him the significance of the term and he asked me how he could obtain payment of the amount. I advised him to send the cheque to the General Headquarters of the British army in Italy. I told him that if the officer who drew the cheque were still in the army they would compel him to meet it.

"But I do not understand," he said. "An Englishman's cheque on London I have always taken as if it were gold; I have managed hotels for thirty years, and English cheques—always the same as gold. Not other nations, no, no, no! But an English cheque, on London, the same as gold, always."

He evidently thought the war had knocked the bottom out of civilization if an English cheque could be dishonored.

I left Florence, and a week or two later, finding myself there again and at the same hotel, I asked the manager what he had done about the cheque, the amount of which was, as far as I can remember, about twenty pounds. Had he applied to the G.H.Q., I asked.

"No, no, no," he said; "it was not necessary."

He was beaming all over, so I said I supposed the officer had paid up.

"No, but it's all right. The English residents in the hotel subscribed, and between them made up the amount to me, so I have not lost anything. I always believed," he added, "that an English cheque on London was equal to gold, and now I am more sure of it than ever."

I felt very proud of my countrymen, says this writer.

A Game of Cards.

Every person who takes up the cards at a game of whist holds one of 635,013,559,600 possible hands. If a man could be engaged dealing cards at the rate of one deal a minute, day and night, for a million years, he would not exhaust the possible variations of the cards.

OUR "PLACE IN THE AIR"

Other Nations Men Talk About Airships and Airplanes, But British Flying-Boats Come First.

Both where air power and commercial aviation are concerned, the future belongs to the flying-boat. This may seem a bold prophecy, but it is the opinion of many of the experts, says London Answers.

The two largest passenger flying-boats ever constructed in the world have just been built on the Medway, and will probably be followed by others. Then, four great flying-boats recently made a 25,000 miles cruise in the East. This cruise, which has been described as "the most ambitious Service flight" yet undertaken by the Royal Air Force, will provide an effective answer to those who are concerned about Britain's "place in the air."

Already we are leading the world where flying-boats are concerned.

Why are the champions of these craft so confident about them? What are their advantages over airplanes? If, as some authorities have suggested, we ought to concentrate on flying-boats, we must have an answer to these questions.

In the first place, says this writer, it seems more natural for Britain to develop the flying-boat than the land machine. Living on an island, we have peculiar facilities for doing this —facilities for no other country possesses in the same degree. Then, too, the natural air routes from England to other parts of the Empire lie largely over the ocean.

Second, the flying-boat can fly over land with less risk than an airplane can fly over water. This is being realized to an increasing degree, especially in view of the number of airmen and passengers who have lost their lives in the long-distance overseas flights in land machines during the last twelve months.

Flying men, indeed, now hold the view that such flights, if undertaken by airplanes, don't help the development of aviation at all, and the Australian Government has prohibited any long overseas flights except in seaplanes, amphibians, or flying-boats.

Especially on certain routes, then, flying-boats are likely to be extensively used. Before long they may be in regular service between Marseilles and Cairo and Calcutta and Rangoon, as links in a great London to Australia air route are specially suited for flying-boats. Ultimately, too, there will doubtless be a flying-boat service across the Atlantic.

Third, it is possible to pay far more attention to the comfort of passengers and crew in building a flying-boat than it is in building an airplane. This seems to indicate the former craft as the ideal type for long-distance passenger flights.

For instance, the flying-boats which took part in the Far Eastern flight recently were Service machines, and therefore not constructed primarily for comfort. But the crews lived on them very comfortably indeed. Hammocks and collapsible bunks are provided for sleeping; there are special arrangements for keeping down the temperature in the hull—an important matter in the tropics — and hot meals can be prepared while in flight.

In passenger machines still more attention could be paid to comfort, as the new all-metal passenger flying-boats show. They have luxurious accommodation for fifteen passengers, but experts believe that similar craft could be built capable of carrying 100 or 150 passengers, and giving them ample space.

It would be difficult to secure this with a land machine. An airplane of this size would be extraordinarily awkward—if not almost impossible — to handle and house. Even the most skilful pilot would be hard put to it to effect a landing with such a craft without overrunning the airdrome. A forced landing would be a nightmare.

With flying-boats the case is different. Their airdrome would be the sea, and on and over the sea the largest of them could move with confidence and safety.

The Eskimo.

The Eskimo, under a proper form of administration, will become a valuable asset to Canada in the fur industry, according to John L. Forman of the Hydrographic Survey. Mr. Forman thought that within a brief period of time there would be established in Canada's far north a number of small towns which would be necessitated in large measure by the development of the fur industry. His opinion concerning the Eskimo was based on observations of the manner in which natives of Greenland have progressed under Danish rule up to a point where they are really able to take their place among the other more advanced people.

N. S. Farm Settlement Act.

The Nova Scotia Government is introducing the Nova Scotia Farm Settlement Act for the purpose of establishing new settlers. This provides for special assistance to applicants who have been resident in Nova Scotia for a period of ten years or more, the maximum loan for land being $4,- 000 and for stock and equipment $1,500. Special provision of the act cover the settlement of British and Scandinavian families.

Pheasants for Alberta.

One thousand pheasants, and possibly 2,000, will be imported by the Calgary Fish and Game Association this year to be liberated on the prairie and in the foothills. Five thousand dollars, the cost of 2,000 birds, is to be raised by the association.

"Never-Fade" Flowers.

Changing in hue from mauve to grey as it grows older, a new carnation recently shown in London is claimed as "never-fading."

A Cuban Building.

Cuba will erect a building for Cuban exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

One-Way Metals.

A discovery likely to prove of the greatest importance in wireless and X-ray work, and indeed, in electrical engineering generally, has just been made in the production of a new kind of metal which will allow an electric current to pass through it in only one direction.

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ROBT. LIGHT.

STERILIZATION OF DAIRY UTENSILS ON THE FARM

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Of the various sources of contamination to which milk is subject, the dairy utensils have been definitely established as one of the most serious, capable of contributing a high percentage of the bacteria found in milk. Consequently the sterilization of cans, pails or other containers cannot be neglected if milk containing few bacteria is to be produced. Thorough cleaning is essential, but in itself is insufficient. Steps must be taken to destroy as many as possible of the bacteria still remaining, if the keeping quality of milk is to be improved.

For sterilizing, steam under pressure, the most satisfactory agent, is unavailable where it is in absence, a SUFFICIENT quantity of BOILING water gives good results. Pails, strainers, etc., after washing, are scalded by pouring a pint of boiling water over the entire inner surface ; cans are best treated by pouring in a pint of boiling water, closing the lid and rolling the can along the floor to ensure thorough scalding of the inner surface. As the temperature of the water drops over 50 degrees F during this operation, a fresh quantity must be provided for each utensil. Unless this is done good results cannot be hoped for.

Because of the saving in time and fuel, chlorine solutions are being used in some districts to replace the scalding treatments, and where used inteligently have equal or superior sterilizing efficiency. Cans and pails are carefully rinsed with chlorine solution as in the scalding treatment, or immersed for one minute in a tank containing the solution. Either is satisfactory, provided the utensils are well washed and the chlorine solution is up to strength. Further details regarding this method may be obtained from the Division of Bacteriology, Central Experimental Farm.

Following sterilization, unless used immediately, utensils should be inverted upon a draining rack to dry. Except during the cold weather, an outdoor rack placed on the sunny side is desirable. With free circulation of air, the utensils will soon dry, checking the multiplication of the few surviving bacteria and ensuring that the benefits of the sterilization treatmen will not be lost through further development of bacteria in the moisture inside the utensils.

C. K. JOHNS,
Division of Bacteriology,
Central Experimental Farm,
Ottawa, Ont.

A HAVEN FOR SLAVES

Natives of Africa Who Flee From Abyssinia Find Safety In British Territory.

The manner in which slaves who escape from Abyssinia into British-controlled Sudan are protected is disclosed in correspondence which has passed between the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines, Protection Society and the Foreign Office.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, states:

"The records of the province of Kassala show that during the last ten years 173 slaves have escaped from Abyssinia to Gedaref, a district headquarters lying some 75 miles from the frontier. The figure 173 represents registered cases only, and it is probable that other slaves have escaped into the Sudan of whom no record exists.

"Escaped slaves who are registered at Gedaref are sent to join an Abyssinian ex-slave community which has been formed at Gharb el Gash, near Kassala. Work is there found without difficulty for the men and husbands for the unmarried women. The community is reported to be flourishing, and a number of children have been born there into freedom. In no case has any escaped slave been sent back to Abyssinia.

"These people are given the chance either of settling in various selected localities in the Roseires district at least 60 miles from the frontier, where 'refugee colonies' have been formed, or of moving to the north of the Fung province at a still greater distance from the frontier. The great majority prefer the former alternative and are allocated land for building and cultivation.

"In certain cases where large parties have entered the Sudan in a state of destitution loans have been issued, payable after the harvest, and the past year's taxes remitted.

"These ex-slaves are free to return to Abyssinia if they wish to do so provided any taxes they may have incurred are not in arrear. Claims are frequently received from former owners for their return as slaves, and these claims are usually accompanied by charges of some kind of crime. The refugees are, however, never compelled to return unless a criminal offence has been fully proved against them."

The claims submitted to the British officials for the return of escaped slaves were often couched in quaint terms, as may be judged from the following examples:

"May God smite you the justice.

"The protector of the poor and their properties is the Government.

"The question is that all slaves of the Qualifia territory have run away towards Gedaref. Accordingly, we, your poor men, have been oppressed because it is difficult for us to carry on without slaves.

"How are you? I am well, praise be to God.

"A certain telephone clerk of Ghliga, called Lij Zaman, reported to me that two daughters (girls) together with 133 dollars escaped from him. One of the girls has been found at Matamma (Gallabat). He asked there to have the girl handed over to him, but the request was refused. I therefore shall be grateful if you will kindly deliver the girl and send her to me.

"After greetings and prayers for the mercy of Allah and his blessings, and after inquiry about you and your affairs I hope that you are well. Further, I Inform you that six days ago slaves fled from us to the number of eight head, among them a woman who is our wife."

BROODING AND FEEDING OF CHICKS

(Experimental Farms Note.)

When the chicks have become thoroughly dry after hatching they may be removed from the incubator and taken to the brooder.

In doing this care should be taken to see that the chicks do not become chilled. A basket lined with flannel with a loose flannel covering makes a good carrier.

The hover should be heated so that the introduction of the chicks will raise the temperature to about 100 degrees. This will mean 90 to 95 degrees in a compartment brooder or where colony stoves are used 95 to 100 depending upon the number of chicks to be accommodataed. The comfort of the chicks is readily determined by the sound or lack of sound. When they are comfortable they will be comparatively quiet with only an occasional contented cheep, but if they are uncomfortable they will quickly announce the fact in a continual fretful, discontented chirping.

When preparing the brooders, if shavings or alfalfa leaves are used for litter, boards on which to sprinkle coarse sand or fine oyster shell are placed in the pens.

When chicks are placed in the brooders they should be confined to the brooding compartment, or if colony stoves are used a confining fence should be used to keep them fairly close to the source of heat, and they should be left alone until they show positive signs of hunger. As it is heat and rest they require at this period, rather than food, this will be when they are about 36 to 48 hours old.

Ideas differ greatly on the question of feeding, not only in methods, but in rations. Experience at the Central Experimental Farm has shown just as good results from simple methods as from those more complicated. When the chicks show positive signs of hunger hoppers of chick mash are placed in the pens, as it takes several days before the chicks become accustomed to feeding from them at regular intervals five times a day, small quantities of the dry mash are sprinkled on the wire boards. These are cleaned off after each feeding, and as soon as the chicks get used to the hoppers dependence is placed on them, and the hand feding abandoned. Fountains of water, and where possible, sour milk is supplied, also hoppers of chick grit and fine oyster shell. When the chicks are from ten days to two weeks old, light feeds of scratch grain are given in the litter to keep them busy. Green feed—sprouted oats, lettuce, chopped greens of various kinds are supplied.

This feeding is continued until the chicks are old enough to go on range, although if it is desired to bring the chicks along quickly, moist mashes are used for the first ten days to two weeks.

The chick starter in use at the Farm is shorts, middlings ground yellow corn meal and animal parts, with 10 per cent. animal feed added, 2 per cent. cod liver oil and ½ to 1 per cent. salt. After the first month is 2 parts meat meal, 2 parts bone meal, 2 parts fish meal, 2 parts cod liver meal, 2 parts milk powder, but where it is not convenient to get all these ingredients, a good quality of meat and bone meal will give good results.

FATHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Do Children Inherit Ability Similar to That of Father?

It is surprising how many of Great Britain's greatest sons came of lowly origin. A writer in the London Daily Chronicle cites a number of interesting instances of notables of humble parentage.

Do the children of great men, asks the writer, usually inherit ability similar to that of their father?

The decision of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, eldest son of Sir Austen Chamberlain, to become a soldier, and not to carry on the political tradition of his father and grandfather, raises these interesting questions.

Here are some men of genius of lowly origin:

Thomas Hardy—son of a stonemason.

Cardinal Wolsey—son of a butcher.

Shakespeare—also a butcher's son worked for a time in the shop.

Turner, the painter—son of a barber.

Keats—son of a Moorfields livery stableman.

Robert Burns—son of a cottar.

John Bright—son of a Rochdale miller—worked in the mill.

George Meredith—son of a Portsmouth tailor.

George Stephenson—son of a fireman.

A very large number of men of genius showed ability quite unconnected with their fathers' occupation.

Tennyson's father was a clergyman.

Browning was the son of a clerk in the Bank of England.

Wordsworth was the son of an attorney.

Sir Walter Scott was the son of a writer to the Signet.

It would have been interesting had Lord Tennyson lived to see his grandson, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, captain England in a test match or make a century at Lord's. Cricket might then have been immortalized in verse.

Some remarkable examples of inherited ability, as distinct from what is loosely called genius, are, of course, to be found among the famous men of to-day. This is particularly noticeable among the politicians.

Railway Engines.

Railway engines are said to make full use of only five per cent. of the heat generated in their boilers.

A total of 98 establishments are engaged in boat-building in Canada.

Scientific Research.

The Government is, after the advice of the National Research Council, embarking upon an expansion plan for the promotion of scientific research, according to the Minister of Trade and Commerce. The first wing of a national research laboratory is to be built in close proximity to the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa and other wings will follow in due course. The construction will cover a period of from five to ten years and the cost is estimated at $3,000,000.

To Spend $4,000,000 In B. C.

New work and maintenance on Canadian Pacific Railway lines in British Columbia this year will represent an outlay of about $4,000,- 000, according to C. A. Cotterell, general superintendent of the province. An immediate start will be made on the new works in Vancouver to provide additional facilities to take care of the growth of shipping and port

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The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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Lounsbury's face dyed to a deep scarlet. "No?" he said. "And why?"

Again the section boss gave a shrill, mocking laugh. "Too fat an' too mouthy," he answered.

For an instant Lounsbury wavered. In that instant the deep scarlet faded, his eyes opened, his nostrils spread. "Pal! Pal!" it was Marylyn, half weeping.

Lounsbury's cool voice cleared the air. "I'm a Bismarck man," he said to the evangelist. "I've got a store there. My name is John Lounsbury." He held out his hand to Dallas.

She advanced again and took it. "Oh, thank you, thank you," she breathed.

"Bismarck man." It was Lancaster once more. "Waal, w'y the devil don' y' stay hyar?"

Lounsbury took no notice of him. "I'll be hoofing it," he said to Dallas. "But if I can do anything, you understand," and went out.

David Bond's keen eyes studied the elder girl. He expected an outburst of anger and blame. He was surprised when, without speaking, she brought the benches to the fire and set about clearing the table. Lancaster seated himself and sucked moodily at his pipe. Marylyn flitted behind him to disappear through the swinging blankets. The evangelist walked up and down.

It was not long before the silence told on the section boss and forced him to talk. "Ef you-all got anythin' t' say," he snarled presently, "y' might as well spit it out."

No one answered.

"Ah got jes' this t' say," he continued: "Ah ain't goin' t' hev no lubber o' a storekeeper slaverin' aroun' my gals!"

Again no one answered, but David Bond as he watched Dallas questioningly determined to be silent no longer. He paused in his walk. "My friend," he said aloud, "you talk like a madman. For shame!"

Dallas stood stock still, her eyes warning him. But it was too late.

Her father snickered, drew on his pipe once or twice and then grinned up at the evangelist. "It's a little light outdoors," he said significantly. "Ah reckon y' could cross th' river."

And so David Bond and the white horse went the way of Lounsbury.

Nearly an hour passed before the section boss addressed Dallas. "Waal, waal, waal?"

She was wrapping up to do the morning chores. "Just as well, I guess, dad," she said wearily. "The meal an' bacon's pretty low. I've been cooking out of the seed sacks lately."

"Th' meal an' bacon's got t' las'," he answered. "An' w'at's it y' want, an' don' give thet Injun so much. We shan't sat tick o' no lal'ygaggin', do-a-grapevine-twist dandy."

Dallas sighed, found Marylyn to kiss her and gratefully breasted the chill air beyond the door.

His dismissal from the shack brought no hardship upon David Bond. He found an old acquaintance in Colonel Cummings, who joyfully greeted him as interpreter in the absence of Matthews. He found familiar faces among the hostages, whose sullen reserve in his presence he laid to their imprisonment. At barracks the enlisted men chaffed him mischievously, christened him "Methuselah" and installed him as "official doom sealer" of the post. But when he passed them by to give every hour of his days and nights to young Jamieson—young Jamieson, battling with all his might against collapse—the men ceased chaffing and listened to him with respect. A crank on religion was one thing; a man with one eye on the Bible and his sleeves rolled up for hard duty was another. The troopers cared little for sermonizing, but they honored service. Then, it was Jamieson for whom the evangelist was caring. And Jamieson held the very heartstrings of the garrison.

As for Lounsbury, Brannon entertained him no less gladly. He was the rare good humor that enlivens every occasion. He practiced at target shooting with the enlisted men; he played billiards with the officers; he dined, made up sleigh rides, lent himself to theatricals, furnished a fourth at cards and at the frequent dances led out homely and pretty alike.

To David Bond it seemed as if the storekeeper were indifferent to his own dismissal from the shack. But one morning the evangelist accidentally came upon the younger man. He was watching the bend through a telescope, and his face was anxious and troubled.

"Lancaster hasn't started for the land office again," he said. Then, after a moment's silence, "I've just about decided to go Bismarck way myself today. When you can, will you let me know how they are over there?"

"Charles will keep me posted," answered the evangelist, "and I shall send you any news by the mail sleigh."

"Thank you," said Lounsbury slim ly. "Goodby." And at the noon mess he was missing.

At the shack the days were numbered slowly for all their scant hours of light. Sleep consumed most of the time. The rest was taken by the meals, the chores and the effort of keeping warm. The line of calico covered books helped to vary the monotony. So did the visits of Squaw Charley. But these were becoming more brief now. Not that Lancaster made them unpleasant—Charley was necessary to him—but that the Indian was always in a fever to be gone. Since the council his eyes were less downcast, his face was less stolid.

One day brought a totally unexpected visitor, whom Lancaster recognized with some misgivings as the United States land agent at Bismarck. The section boss was soon reassured, however. The agent said that, having business near Brannon and remembering that Lancaster wished to file an entry on the bend when the first claimant's six months were up, he had come by. In the case of a man who was hurt, he said, the law allowed such a course. The section boss, thus saved the arduous trip, signed the necessary papers with a jubilant mark.

Then came old Michael for a time or two. It seemed at first as if he were to be a favorite. He could adapt himself with all the art of his race. And before Lancaster he was intensely southern in his views, whipping the north in many a brogney strife. Until —it befell through a slip of the tongue —a slip that sent him packing off, for he boasted how in '62 his freckled hands had helped in piloting the Federals to Island No. 10!

It was an outcome that gave Dallas little concern. Marylyn was her worry. The younger girl was listless, pale and moody. Now and then Dallas believed she saw a look of actual suffering in her eyes. Once, awakening in the night, she heard her sob.

Marylyn was unhappy, and the thought made the elder girl desperate. This led her to a plan: Lounsbury must be asked to forgive their father and come again—must be told of Marylyn's confession.

Soon afterward a second worry presented itself, one fully as serious. The provisions were dwindling, the seed sacks shrinking fast, and, estranged from Lounsbury, they had nowhere to ask credit but at the fort.

When Dallas spoke of it to her father, he chuckled. "Waal, we got Simon, ain't we?" he said.

That same night Marylyn put down her fork and stared across the table at her sister. "Why, Dallas, you don't eat!" she complained.

Dallas laughed. "I don't work, honey," she answered.

The question of fuel entered next and became a grave one. So far the weather had been fairly mild for the place and the season. Now it took a more rigorous turn. The bitter cold was intensified by a stiff wind. Snow began to fall, and the wind, growing, drove the flakes level, so that they cut the face like filings of steel. Charley's trips became uncertain, then impossible. The work of getting out hay for the stock was a desperate tax. It was so difficult that Dallas dared not spare a straw for the fireplace, and Ben and Hetty's manger had to be drawn upon for wood. When this source of supply failed, the benches were sacrificed one by one, the cupboard was torn down, and the bunk and part of the table were split into kindling.

The family slept shoulder to shoulder before the hearth, with the brave colored blankets of the partition for extra covering. Lancaster and the younger girl stayed in bed all of the twenty-four hours. Dallas got up only long enough to tend the animals and prepare food. But a day came when she could not make her way to the lean-to and when the warped door could not be opened in the teeth of the raging storm. Toward noon she cooked some food, however. The seed sacks were empty. There was no rice and no flour. While the blizzard howled without and Simon and the mules called pitifully for their fodder and drink, she broke up what was left of the table. Over its blaze the last smitch of bacon went to savor the last pint of beans.

After the meal Dallas read aloud. Lying down, she held her book in one hand until her fingers were blue with cold. Then changed to the other. Father and sister drowsed, and she put the story aside to study over the predicament, in which she felt herself at fault. Counting on blizzards, but knowing nothing of their duration, she had determined to say little about their needs until those needs pressed, when, she knew, her father would see their extremity. The extremity had come. Yet, willing or unwilling, Lancaster was cut off from seeking help.

That day closed in fearful cold. The wind increased, and a hurricane gale. Sturdily the log house withstood it. Only the roof seemed threatened. With each great blast it lifted a little, as if on the point of whirling away. Then, when darkness came even the roof settled into quiet, for the drifts that had been piling up gradually to the north and west of the shack, sealing the windows and the door, had risen to the grassy eaves and overflowed them and so weighted the thatch.

Next morning long before Marylyn and her father wakened Dallas roused. The room was in dusk, and its air was so cold that it seemed fairly to singe the skin. She could not read. Presently Marylyn turned. The elder girl hastened to soothe her. Then Lancaster awakened. Dallas feigned sleep.

But the evil moment could not be put off. Lancaster propped himself on an elbow and called to her. He was hungry.

Very quietly Dallas told him that there was no food.

He grunted, arose and lighted the lantern. "You dish thet snow on th' door," he commanded. "We're here for drink."

"What 're you going to do?" she asked, hastening to obey. Her voice was lowered apprehensively.

He was wrapping some clothes over his shoes. "Butcher Simon," he said curtly.

Her face became a white spot in the gloom.

"Critter 'll be tough, like's not," went on her father, "but y' c'n poun' th' meat."

After a long wait she spoke. "You can't reach him," she declared, half triumphantly.

"Yas, Ah c'n," he answered. "Ah c'n chop through with th'. hatchet." He was between the fireplace and a corner, feeling over the logs with his hands.

She ran to him. "Oh, how can you think of it?" she demanded huskily. "Simon's so friendly and—came to us for a home. How can you kill him! Maybe you could eat him, but I couldn't. It 'd just choke me!"

"Oh, ain't we sof'?" sneered her father. He was fumbling about near the bunk, as if hunting something. "Mebbe y' 'd like Ah should kill a mule! Ha, ha! No mule meat fer me. Ah'll give thet bull a tunk 'tween th' eyes, an' we'll hev steak."

She stood in the dim light, one arm crooked up to cover her face. Presently Marylyn moaned. Then Dallas lowered her arm and looked down at her sister. "One of the mules would be easier," she said bitterly. But, remembering the brown eyes of the team and the long, gray whiskered noses, she covered her face again.

"Ah don' keer w'at y' say," declared her father. "We'll hev steak." He selected a log and began to hack at it.

Shuddering, she sank to her knees, one hand reached out to touch Marylyn. "Maybe Charley 'll come, honey," she whispered hopefully. "Maybe, maybe!"

And now it seemed as if she heard something outside. She crept to the door. Around the latch was a little space. She put her ear to it, and the icy air blew against her cheek. There it was again! The shriek of the gale.

She went back to the bed.

Hack, hack, hack! Then muttered curses. And again the sound of chopping.

When she could bear it no longer she got up and stumbled over to her father. "Dad," she said, "if I break up the mantel and fix something will you stop?"

He sat back on his feet, puffing crossly. "Light a fire," he said. "Use these chips. Ah'll res'." He threw down the hatchet and crawled under the blankets. He was glad of the interruption, for the duty ahead was assuming an ugly guise.

Dallas had filled the coffee pail with snow. Now she gathered up the chips, lit them and pried up the wide board of the mantel. This she split with the hatchet.

"What are you going to make?" asked Marylyn from the bed.

"Pepper tea, honey. It'll warm you up."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Ma made some once."

Pepper tea it was. When the snow had melted and the water was boiling hot Dallas added pepper and salt. Then she spread a cloth and turned the wheat and corn sacks out upon it. She got a handful of flour. With this she thickened the water. These cups were sitting upon the floor. She took the coffee pail over, poured into two and handed them to her father and Marylyn.

"Don't spill a drop," she cautioned.

"You got some?" queried Marylyn, sitting up.

Dallas went back to the other cup.

"Well, what do you think I'm doing?" she asked and lifted it to her lips.

Soon the three were lying shoulder to shoulder again, the section boss drawing a little added comfort from his pipe. Before long he was asleep; Marylyn too. Then Dallas got up cautiously and brewed a cup of pepper water for herself. The hot draft relieved the pangs of her hunger. She lay down again.

Hours later she was awakened by hearing faint sounds directly overhead. Hastily she lit the lantern and took down the Sharps, then stepped directly under the sounds and poked the rifle's muzzle into the hay of the roof. Snow and storm driven and crowding one another against the stones of the chimney, were some pigs!

In her eagerness she trembled so violently that she became unsteady on her feet. It lost her the opportunity of firing, for as she waited, trying to get a blind aim, the squeals suddenly died out. The pigs had gone over toward the edge of the lean-to.

When next she awoke—awoke from a dream of well spread tables—she could not guess how much time had passed or whether it was day or night. The shack was pitch dark. Of one thing she could be sure—the storm had not abated, so there was no hope of aid.

She knew something must be done. Simon and the team wrung her heart with their pleas. Beside her Marylyn was turning with fretful complaints. The younger girl rolled her head from side to side constantly and moistened her lips. Dallas stepped up the rifle rack and made a fire of it, then plied Marylyn with more of the pepper tea. The section boss refused to partake. The first cup, he said, had burned him. Tobacco was better solace.

Dallas did not taste the tea either. A fearful nausea beset her. Her heart went like a trip hammer. She wrapped up, lying her back to the blaze. Oddly enough, her father did not make a second attack on the log. His perique went far toward helping him fight the gnawing of hunger. He could afford, having to endure little pain, to let the hours bring Dallas to the point where she would ask the life of the team.

Where she was most terrible. When Marylyn, aroused from the tea that now partially eased her hunger and began a demand for food, Simon would die.

It came sooner than the section boss expected. His lethargic sleep was broken by Dallas shaking him. As he opened his eyes she thrust the hatchet into his hands.

"Dad," she said hurriedly, "get up. You got to do it—for Marylyn—for Marylyn."

To him it was a real victory. He wrenched a quid from his tobacco sish, grasped the hatchet handle and arose. Dallas had lighted the lantern once more. Now she pinned one of the smaller blankets over his shoulders. When he put his hat and belt before the chopped out place in the east wall she wrapped a second blanket about his feet and legs.

"Go 'long, go 'long," he said, not unkindly. "Keep you-all warm." Then the hack, hack, hack, began again.

She did not watch him, but donned the long cloak over her jersey, kissed Marylyn and paced up and down the shack. For every step there was a blow of the hatchet.

"Poor Simon! Poor Simon!" she whispered to herself. The bull was lowing again.

At last the sound of the hatchet became unbearable. She gave a quick glance around the room, then, crossing to her father, pulled at his arm. "If you kill Simon, there's no wood to do any cooking," she said. "Better wait, dad—hour or two, please!"

He twisted from under her hand and scowled up. "Shucks!" he answered. "Here's chips enough for a fire." And swung the hatchet with fresh zeal.

She lingered a moment, smiling grimly. It was only a play for time. She knew very well that there would be labor when her father reached Simon's stall.

Lancaster was making fast progress. The log upon which he worked was dry from the heat of the hearth. It splintered like weathered pine. A section of it was sawn off, then two so far that a final blow with the hatchet head drove it in. It rolled to the noses of the mules. Lancaster thrust his head through the hole.

Between the scantlings that penned Simon into his part of the lean-to the section boss spied two glowing eyes. They watched him, then the door, then him again. "M-m-m-m!" came a deep protest, as the bull blew and pawed at the dirt floor.

The section boss drew back nervously. "Simon's actin' funny," he said. "He's locoed or he's smelt a mice."

He got no answer. Dallas was in the corner farthest from him, crowded against the logs. Her arms were raised. Her head rested between them.

Lancaster grunted disgustedly and fell to chopping again. The opening in the wall was not quite wide enough up and down for his body. He enlarged it by cutting away at the lower side. Finally, satisfied with its size, he unpinned the shoulder blanket, freed his feet and crawled through.

And now Dallas looked around, fastening her eyes upon the dark hole beyond the hearth. Beside it the lantern burned with a sickly fume. "It's murder! It's murder! It's murder!" she breathed.

Marylyn tossed, moaning. Dallas ran to her. There she stayed, eyes and ears buried in the bedclothes.

When the lean-to's ominous parley was being held. Lancaster was standing, hatchet in hand, at the bar of Simon's pen. Behind him was the stable door; before him, just out of reach, the bull. Simon was not pawing now. His fore feet were opened wide; his head lowered to the ground between them. He was alternately mooing and blowing, and his angry eyes were fixed not on the section boss, but on the bottom of the door.

"Simon, Simon," said Lancaster in a wheedling tone. He could scarcely see the animal, for the eastern window was snowed shut. The bull made no move. Presently the old man shoved the single bar aside and hopped forward a step or two, his gaze fixed on the star between those glowing eyes.

Still the bull did not move.

"So, Simon!" said the section boss. He gave another hop forward and raised the hatchet. "So, Simon; nice Simon!"

"Woo-ah!"

It was a roar that fairly shook the lean-to. Simon flung up his head.

Fearful for his safety, Lancaster dodged to the left, stumbled, overturned and went down, with a cry. "Dallas—help!"

A cry answered him. The mules reared. Then out of the gloom plunged a red bulk, head lowered, tail straight. There was a second roar, a crash, as the stable door flew outward, an inrush of frigid air and the swirling sound of wind and sleet. And Simon, leaping something that was lying at the entrance, shot on into the blizzard.

Early morning of the next day as the Lancasters were enjoying a breakfast of roasted pork cooked by a scantling of Simon's manger they heard the storm renew its fury in strange noises that were like the human voice. The warped door creaked; the latch rattled.

They paid little attention to it, being fairly content with the strange good fortune that had left a fat frozen pig in the snow outside the lean-to. The stable had been nailed tight again, and there were enough scantlings in it to last out three or four days. Marylyn was better, having rallied swiftly on a diet of rich broth. Even Ben and Hetty were not unhappy, for they were placidly consuming the hay of the bedticks.

"Sam Patch is shore bustin' loose," observed the section boss, selecting a second juicy rib and salting it from end to end. The salt spilled. He flickered a pinch over one shoulder.

Boof, boof, boof, bang! came the muffled sounds from without.

"The harder it howls now the sooner it'll quit," answered Dallas, piling on more wood.

Lancaster lit his pipe. "Danged glad Ah got t'backy."

Hay, bey! yelled the storm.

Marylyn began to read from a book. "Sounds as if men are outside," she said. "Listen!"

They listened, straining their ears.

Something thumped the warped door. They started. A second and a thread of light came through the gap above the latch.

"They is!" cried the section boss.

A cheer replied. A sharp command was shouted out to them. "Keep back! Out of the way!"

Again the door was thumped; then great pressure was put upon it. It opened, letting in a half dozen men in a single path of warm sunlight.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" "Folks, you snowed in?" "Thank God, you're all right!" "The basket, boys; the basket!"

"Wy, Lawd!" cried the section boss, winking against the light. "Ain't they no blizzard?"

A trooper with a chevroned sleeve saluted them. His air was jaunty. His face beamed. "There was, sir, last night," he said gayly, "but there hain't none now. Clear has a bell, sir."

"Y' fr'm th' post?' demanded Lancaster, trying to look severe.

He of the chevrons waved his companions out. "Hi'm Sergeant Hingland, he's answered. "Sergeant Kippis his my name. Will you 'ave some 'soldier's coffee,' sir?"

Dallas hurried past him and into the lovely sunshine. Overhead was a serene sky. Between shack and river lay a dazzling mile of drifts and midway, brisket deep, but advancing resolutely and bugling at every floundering step was Simon!

CHAPTER XVI.

"WELL, captain?" It was partly a greeting full of relief, partly an eager inquiry, as Colonel Cummings came hurrying out of his library to meet Oliver in the entry.

The latter straightened a little, but hesitated deprecatingly before taking the colonel's hand. "I've nothing to report but failure, sir," he said.

The stinging wind that had blown the command home into barracks and scourged the humped shoulders of the men and the thin flanks of their mounts had cut the flesh over the captain's high cheek bones until it was red and raw. The lower part of his face was hidden under a growth that matched his drooping mustache. On his head and about his eyes the skin was a dark sallow, marked by a lattice of deep lines—lines of worry and weariness.

"Nothing to report but failure," he repeated, and let the orderly pull off his stiffened overcoat.

"The troop?" asked Colonel Cummings anxiously.

"Safe in. The other hung his cap on a nail, his belt upon his overcoat.

"Thank heaven! That storm—I was afraid. Where did it catch you?"

"On the Knife. We put up with some half breeds. It was hard on the horses, but a rest for the men."

The colonel led the way into the library.

On his entrance a figure in the dusk behind the stove sprang up with a questioning cry. It was young Jamieson.

"Easy, easy, for God's sake!" begged the captain. He put out one arm as if to ward off a blow.

Jamieson brought up. He saw the look of defeat in Oliver's bloodshot eyes, and his voice quaked, his body shuddered in mortal terror of what he was to hear.

"It's bad news, but not as bad as it might be," began the captain. Colonel Cummings offered him a chair. He dropped into it. "It is said that your mother and sister are alive, and will be delivered up to us in the spring, provided there are no executions here. But—I didn't see them, and I don't know where they are."

Jamieson coughed down a heartbroken protest and, as if stunned, tottered weakly toward the stove.

Colonel Cummings knotted his hands together "Where's Matthews?" he asked.

He was answered by the slamming of the outside door and by a voice in the entry. A moment later there was a sharp tattoo on the library door. The colonel opened it and answered the interpreter's salute.

With Matthews seated on the army cot and the commanding officer pacing to and fro, Captain Oliver made his report. He stood at the window, his arms folded, his eyes following his superior.

"We located the camp easily," he said. "The directions given by the hostages were exact. But that is about the only thing that did come easily. The rest was all procrastination.

"At noon on the tenth day out we saw ahead of us on a ridge a single lin dian. I selected four men to make a swift detour, thinking that perhaps they would discover a hunting party just over the crest. But the slope beyond was unoccupied, and there were only the marks of one pair of moccasins. I concluded that the solitary brave was scouting, and I was right.

"A few miles farth — we sighted half dozen Indians. They were watching us from a hill. I called a halt. Then I took two men and Mr. Matthews and made forward. We carried a truce flag. They let us come within talking distance, I think. I am sure, why we were there, but they asked no questions—just told us that the command was expected to advance no farther than a grove lying by a little ahead, to our right. I assented to that and said I wished a conference with their head chief. They promised me an answer later on and at once withdrew to a place a mile behind. There they stayed until, after a careful reconnoiter, we entered the grove.

"Late that afternoon Mr. Matthews and I again rode forward to speak to a band of warriors. One of them, a big, bony fellow in a splendid bonnet, asked what we wanted. The interpreter told him. The Indian said that the head chief was very sick and that he could not leave the lodge. He told us we might accompany them to the village, which lay a few miles farther up. Of course I rejected the proposal.

"Well, I saw there was no use to haggle in that fashion. I ordered the interpreter to go into particulars. He proceeded to state your terms."

At this point in the narrative Colonel Cummings stood still. Captain Oliver advanced toward him a step and met his eyes in a curious, helpless way.

"It was bqueer," he continued, "but that Mr. Matthews told them didn't seem to scare them any."

"Oh, it didn't?" cried the colonel angrily and once more began to pace.

"No, they grinned at him and chattered together. Then they rode away. When dark came on, fearing treachery, we left the grove for a sheltered place farther down. Our scouts then set out for the Indian village, going across the river and far around to the right. On their return they said that the Sioux camp numbered several hundred wigwams, while just above was a village of dog soldiers.

"The night passed quietly. In the morning a single brave came riding toward us. He stopped beyond rifle reach. I sent the interpreter out. He returned to say that the chief promised him fair treatment if he would come alone. I took it that the camp was anxious for a little entertainment and that one white was to furnish it. I didn't consider this second proposal a minute. It was worse than foolish, I thought. But"—he looked toward the cot—"Mr. Matthews didn't agree with me. He went. It was a magnificent bit of courage, sir."

The colonel wheeled. "By Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "You did that?"

Matthews smiled and crossed his legs awkwardly. "Oh, it wa'n't nothin'," he said, forbearing to glance up. "I savvy Injuns, you know. I—I was willin' to take the chances."

Colonel Cummings looked down. After a moment and without changing the position of his body he turned his face slowly in Oliver's direction. The eyes of the two officers met and flashed messages of doubt.

When the commanding officer looked at the interpreter again it was on his lips to say, "But you were afraid to enter the stockade with me." He checked himself, however, and instead reached for Matthews' hand. "It was a magnificent bit of courage," he agreed. "Tell us what happened."

Matthews fingered the blanket on the cot. "I seen the chief," he said, "and told him what you told me to tell him. When I got it all out he says to me: 'The white women ain't here. They're with the Wyomin' band, and the Wyomin' band's up in Canada. Now,' he says, 'the land 'll come south in the spring. So tell Colonel Cummin's if he do no hangin' I'll send the white women home then.'"

A low groan came from behind the stove. Young Jamieson came out, his features distorted with grief and shining with tears. "Think of it! Think of it! Not till spring! Are they well? How are they treating them?"

"Oh, so so," said Matthews significantly.

Young Jamieson understood. He went back to his seat, sobbing with the hysterical weakness of a sick man. "He's bunged the business, colonel!" he said bitterly. "Oh, God, if you had only let me go!"

"Yes, yes, my dear boy," answered the other soothingly, "but please remember that you couldn't have talked with them. The conference would have been carried on through Mr. Matthews just the same."

There was a silence, broken only by Jamieson's weeping.

"Is that—all?" asked Colonel Cummings at last, addressing himself to the interpreter.

"Yes, sir."

Shortly afterward, when he was gone, the two officers left the library for the reception room and discussed the expedition in low tones.

"I have a feeling, colonel, that our interpreter wasn't fair in this thing," was Captain Oliver's first confidence. They were standing at a front window, watching Matthews cross the parade ground to the barber shop.

"The same thought occurred to me." "And, oh, that it seem possible"—"Oh, if Bond had only come sooner!" "Bond! He here?"

"Yes—just half a day too late."

While they were talking Matthews was leaving the low board and mustache and a good length of hair. This over and his supper eaten, he reappeared at headquarters and went with Colonel Cummings to the stockade. Bond, in his chagrin he found the evangelist there, ready to be present at the interview with the hostages, but the Indians understood his predicament and overruled the speech he made for their little it was worth. It was decided that, reported by David Bond, set Colonel Cummings' last suspicion at rest.

Lounsbury arrived at Fort Brannon the next day, appearing in time for breakfast. His early advent, which he explained away nonchalantly, was the cause of some good natured teasing.

"Say, Lounsbury," observed one officer, "I thought you were keeping a store."

"Get out!" he retorted. "I'm down here to see that you fellows do something for the good money Uncle Sam pays you."

"Why, don't you know?" said Major Appleton. "John's here to sell the suttler some sandy sugar."

"That's right," agreed the storekeeper. "And I'm going to put up a plant to make brown sugar out of the Muddy."

Lounsbury could afford to laugh with them, not being the only butt of the jokers. Fraser suffered, too, for a trifling private who had spent the night at Shanty Town let it out to a corporal, who told it to a sergeant, who told it to a cub of a second lieutenant, who told it to every officer in post, with the single exception of the "K. O." that Fraser, the good, the discreet, the unimpeachable, had played poker with Matthews at the Trooper's Delight from taps to "reveille" and lost his last dollar.

The tale had leaked out by the hour of Lounsbury's arrival. When the

(Continued on page 5)

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

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Night Classes Closed.

The night classes which have been held at the Napanee Collegiate Institute on Tuesday and Thursday evenings for the past five months, and which have been a source of profit and instruction to a great many, were brought to an official close on Thursday night. The subjects which were taught were varied, consisting of typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping, shorthand, dress making, show card writing and others and were in charge of teachers chosen from the Collegiate Institute and the town. There was a large enrolment when the classes were formed and although a few dropped out, as is invariably the case, the large majority attended practically all the sessions and as a result have derived a knowledge that will be of inestimable value to them. The course was under the supervision of the Ontario Government and the Collegiate officiary are to be highly congratulated on the splendid success attained in the first year which the night schools have been in vogue in Napanee.

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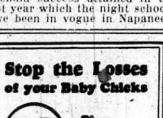

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10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "The Risen Lord."
Organ Prelude—Easter March —Flagler.
Anthem—"Now Late on the Sabbath Day" from Cantata, The Resurrection Story.
Offertory—"The Slumber Song" —Holbrook.
Duet—"It was for Me" by C. Blount.
Easter Postlude—Ashford.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship.
Sermon: "The Comfortable Hope of our Father's House."
Organ Prelude—"Adoration"—Borowski.
Anthem—"Come ye Faithful" from Cantata, "The Resurrection Story."
Offertory—"Berceuse"—Knider
Trio—"Awake Great Soul, Awake"—C. B. Adams.
Vesper—"Nunc Dimittis."
Postlude—"Triumphal March" from Aida-Verdi.
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The Odessa branch of the Women's Institute intend making the meeting which is to be held at the home of Mrs. Mabee on Wednesday, April 4th an outstanding one. Members of the Local Council of Women of Kingston, including Mrs. F. Etherington, the president, and Mrs. Bogart, Commissioner of Girl Guides, have been invited to be present and the addresses are to be given by Mrs. McNaughton, of Sydenham, who will speak on her recent Mediterranean cruise, and Mrs. A. W. Sirett, who will give many useful hints on perennial and annual borders for the home garden.

New Ferry.

Residents of Adolphustown and tourists entering Prince Edward County via Adolphustown, will appreciate the new ferry which will be in operation shortly between there and Glenora. The ferry will be about fifty-two feet long with a twenty-two-foot beam. White oak is used for the frame and planking and imported British Columbia fir is used for the two pontoons, which are each eight feet wide. These are tied together with 5x5 oak deck bands. The platform, 22 x 52 feet, will carry eight autos or about thirty tons. The old ferry, which has been in use for forty years, will be scrapped and the old engine used in the new one. The ferry under sixty feet may be manned by one person and Capt. McLeod will be in charge. The cost of ferry is between two and three thousand dollars.

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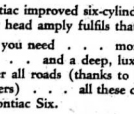

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Every day, except Friday, at 7.30 p.m., in school room.
Good Friday—3 hour service, 12 to 3.

EASTER DAY:

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m.—Confirmation Class.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

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Custom Hatching, Baby Chicks, Incubators (new or used), Brooders, Feeds, Appliances—Everything at

THE MILLS HATCHERY,
18-3m. Napanee.

Demonstration of Pyro-Lac.

Demonstration of Pyro-Lac on Friday and Saturday, April 13th and 14th. At the demonstration, to introduce, a regular 40c. tin will be given out at 15c., at Demonstration only.

BOYLE & SON.

On Tuesday, April 10th.

From 3.30 to 6 p.m., tea will be served in Grace Church school room, by the local branch of the "VICTORIAN ORDER." Let this be your invitation to come. The N.C.I. Orchestra will furnish the music. Admission 25c. 18-c

Bailey—Hull.

A very quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized on Saturday, March 31st, at noon, at the home of the bride's aunts, the Misses Sanderson, Napanee, by Rev. W. P. Woodger, in the presence of the immediate relatives, when Helen Ruth Hull became the bride of Harry Gibson Baily, of Lindsay, son of Mr. William Herbert Bailey, of Madoc. The young couple were unattended. The bride looked charming in a dress of crepe Romaine, carrying a bouquet of pink roses. Her going-away suit was of navy blue, with hat to match, and she wore a beautiful fox fur, the gift of the groom. The people of Napanee generally, expressed their good wishes for the bride by many beautiful and costly presents. Mrs. Bailey will be missed from the Young People's League, the Sunday School, the Mission Circle and the Choir of Grace United Church, where she made a real contribution by her talents and personality. These organizations, as well as the Rebekah Lodge, and the staff of the Daly Tea Company, all generously expressed their good will and esteem by their gifts. After the wedding ceremony, the guests sat down to a delicious luncheon, at which a toast was proposed to the bride Rev. W. P. Woodger and happily responded to by the groom. The happy couple left on a motor trip to the Capital City and other Eastern points. On their reurn hey will reside in Lindsay.

BE EASY WITH THE "CHOKE"

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Since removal of the cylinder head and scraping is the most effective means of accomplishing the needed cleansing of the engine, it can be seen that there is inevitably some trouble and expense to be encountered when this treatment has to be given.

The frequency with which the cylinder head has to be removed and deposits scraped off, in order to stop the engine from knocking, can sometimes be greatly reduced by attention to the following points:

Maintain good fuel vaporization by so controlling the cooling system that the water is well warmed as much of the time as possible. Give the carburetor and manifold sufficient heat at all times, especially in cold weather.

The leanest practicable fuel mixture will leave the least deposit and to secure this the carburetor should be adjusted (with the engine fully heated up) so that any further reduction in richness will cause a decided falling off of engine power. Oil well maintained in body must be used to prevent too much of it from passing the piston and carbonizing.

Therefore, use the best oil and change it before it becomes too thin or dirty. Oils that leave little solid residue, when lightly heated should be used. It is difficult to select such oils, but fairly high priced brands, produced by distillers of established reputations, are the safest to use. Correctly fitted piston rings capable of returning excess oil to the crankcase, are an important safeguard against carbonization and piston rings should occionally be treated with kerosene to keep them free to move in the grooves. Dust in the air, taken in through the carburetor, is a large component of "carbon" deposits.

A good air cleaner will largely prevent it from entering the engine and should be used on all cars, particularly those operated on sandy roads. Almost any car can be equipped with some one of the many forms of cleaners now on the market. The operator can assist in the prevention of carbon accumulation by using the choke as little as possible, by avoidance of unnecessary idling of his engine, by care in keeping engine oil fresh and clean and never running this car when the engine is missing explosions.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

DIGEST OF REPORT OF SURVEY OF BUSINESS TRENDS IN CANADA.

Canada is entering an era of independent prosperity good for twenty-five years, regardless of the course of business in the United States, according to a survey of Trends of Business in Canada just completed by the Sherman Corporation, engineers and business managers, under the direction of George L. Moore, assistant to John F. Sherman, President of the Sherman company.

The investigation shows that the net profit condition in Canadian industry in 1927 was considerably better than in the United States, 80% of the Canadian companies which furnished reports declaring increases in net profit in 1927 compared with 1926, whereas a similar analysis of manufacturing enterprises across the Border showed only 51% of companies with bettered 1927 net profits.

Among the causes for increased profit, according to the Report, were: Production of increased number of units; more rapid turnover; increased volume of sales; research on processes; more careful management; reduction in items and line manufactured; less hand-to-mouth buying; the increased prosperity of Canada; closer attention to manufacturing and distribution details; improved routing; installation of more modern wage payment systems, and reduction in overheads.

In stallation of new machinery, development of new merchandising plans and reduction of manufacturing cost per unit of product were three of the major trends in Canadian industry during the past year.

The importance of building up manufacturing and processing industries in the Dominion is emphasized in the Report which point out that more men are required to convert a pound of metal into wire than to extract the ore from the ground and more needed to make watch springs than to make wire, so that "the creation of jobs for the more people that Canada needs in order to sell more of what she makes is vital and fundamental."

Current problems in Canada requiring attention in industry are summarized in the Report as being "Elimination of waste in production; excessive sales and lower cost both as regards manpower and machinery, without recourse to general lowering of wages; improvements in the production of labor both as regards quantity and quality of output, more attention to research and invention, by which products and process may be improved and new products developed with which to take up the large amount of Canadian excess plant capacity; maintenance of sound ratios between overhead operating expenses and sales volume; keeping selling prices at a level where volume will allow normal profit under existing keen competition; regulation of over-production; more careful buying; more careful selection of accounts, and adjustments of the sale and distribution of manufactured articles to meet the changes in mercantile structure such as chain stores and extesion of the departmental stores into the smaller towns."

Opinions and judgments as to various phases of current Canadian business and economic trends are included in the Report from Sir John Aaird, President, The Canadian Bank of Commerce; W. S. Atwood, Vice-President, Canadian Car and Foundry Co.; E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway; T. Bradshaw, General Manager, Massey-Harris Company, Ltd.; Mark Bredin, President, Canada Bread Co., Ltd.; G. L. Burton, Superintendent, The Robt. Simpson Co., Ltd.; Wilfred Gagnon, President, Aird & Son, Ltd.; Herbert Holt, President Montreal Light, Heat and Power, Consolidated; Beaudry Leman, General Manager, Banque Canadienne Nationale; David A. Marsh, President, Marsh Shoe Co. Ltd.; John Medland, President, National Grocers Co. Ltd.; A. H. Purvis, President, Canadian Industries, Ltd. and Associated Companies; W. E. Rundle, General Manager, National Trust Co.; R. A. Russell, President, Willys-Overland, Ltd.; The Rt. Hon. Lord Shaughnessy, President, Canadian Industrial Alcohol Co., Ltd.; A. Cl. Tagge, President, Canada Cement Co.; Gordon Tamblyn, President, G. Tamblyn, Ltd.; Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President, Canadian National Railways; Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, The Bank of Montreal.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisom and instruction," Prov. 1-7; "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," Prov. 1-10; "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? And the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you, at my reproof; behold I will pour my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded. But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof," Prov. 1:22-25; "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer: they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord," Prov. 1-28: "But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil," Prov. 1-33.

A BIBLE LOVER.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS, TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FURNITURE, MONUMENTS, WALLPAPERS, WINDOW SHADES

Choice Flower and Vegetable Seeds

We have in stock a full line of SEEDS, ROOTS and BULBS. Will also take orders for any kind of field seeds wanted.

Choice Easter Lillies and Cut Flowers For Easter Week.

M. L. ALLINGHAM

Market Square, Next to Paisley House.

YARKER.

The Loyal Temperance Legion, of Yarker, held their regular meeting at the home of Bruce Freeman on Monday evening last, an attendance of twenty-five.

Mrs. W. H. Vanness, Enterprise, superintendent of the Temperance work gave an address and demonstration on alcohol and its results, which was appreciated by all. Mrs. W. H. Vanness, while in Yarker, was the guest of Mrs. A. D. Leonard.

Mr. Fred Jeffries has entered the employ of Mr. Rufus Jackson.

It came as a shock to many here to learn of the death of Dr. McQuaid, of Newburgh, N.Y. He made a good success as a physician while in Yarker.

Mr. W. Storms, of Rochester, N.Y., is spending a few days in Yarker.

B. Babcock has bought the residence of J. Joyner, better known as Aunt Peter Ewart house.

The Napanee River has reached high water mark and is still rising.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, lovers in three films, come in "THE NIGHT OF LOVE," Samuel Goldwyn's presentation of George Fitzmaurice's production of a tale based on the feudal right to the first night."

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Tom Mix took one of the biggest chances he has ever taken to obtain a few feet of Film for "THE ARIZONA WILDCAT," Fox Films latest release.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Flora Finch, whose fame in films is as old as the picture industry itself, makes a real comeback in Marion Davies' "QUALITY STREET," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

TAMWORTH.

The weather has turned warm after the recent cold spell.

The A.Y.P.A. held a meeting in the town hall on Monday evening last. They entertained the Y.P.U. of Union church by having a debate, which the A.Y.P.A. won.

Mr. Ross Barr, the Arden to Tamworth stage driver, made his first trip with his car Thursday.

Mrs. Frank York is confined to her bed.

Miss Hazel Moss spent a few days last week at her home here.

Mr. Morton Vandusen had the misfortune to get one of his fingers taken off while sawing wood.

Mr. Adrian Way has taken his truck to Seeley's Bay, Egin and other places of that district, to collect cream for the Tamworth creamery.

Mr. Charlie Amey, game inspector, was in town on Wednesday.

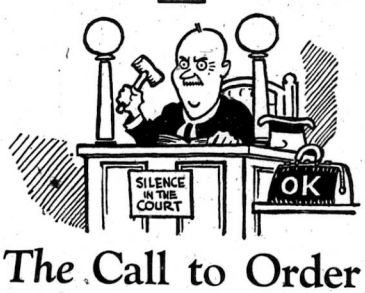
The trappers are having a poor season so far, owing to the cold weather.

ROD AND GUN.

Outdoor taste is well catered to in the April issue of Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News, which is just published. The latest issue of this sporting magazine contains an interesting collection of stories of hunting, fishing and camping as well as many useful and informative articles concerning the various phases of outdoor life.

Helpful articles on the special subject are included in Fishing Notes, edited by G. P. Sladen, Guns and Ammunition, edited by C. S. Landis, and Kennel, edited by C. G. Hopton and L. E. L. Taylor. The Canadian Silver Fox News section also contains useful articles both in English and French on the latest developments of the industry and the care and management of foxes.

ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.



The Call to Order

WHEN you call to order a Good Used Car, it will pay you to look for the O. K. tag on the car you select. That is your surest way of identifying the cars that have been carefully checked and fairly represented. The Used Cars bearing the Chevrolet O. K. tag (whatever make of cars they may be) are honest values. The car's condition is noted right on the tag and everything is exactly as represented. Come in and see these values:—

1927 Chevrolet Coupe.....$575
1927 Ford Coach, wire wheels $525
1926 Chevrolet Coach.....$500
1927 Chevrolet Landau.....$800

USED CARS

with an OK that counts

C. A. Wiseman

Napanee, Ont.

OK-226C

MacGREGOR'S Big Profit-Sharing SALE!

A real opportunity to save money on your Spring purchases

Sale starts Wednesday, April 4th, and ends Saturday, April 14th

Good Raincoats

A splendid heavy rubber "Frosted" surface on a strong wearing base. A very well made, and nicely tailored raincoat, with collar of self material, and two pockets. Raglan style sleeves. In colors of red, blue or green, and all sizes from 34 to 44. A regular $3.75 coat.

$2.98 Each

Colored Broadcloths

A finely woven cloth, specially suitable for lingerie and dress purposes. Full 36 inches wide, and in all the newest colorings including nile, rose, copen, maize, helio, peach, sand, pink, etc. A cloth usually sold at 50c.

33c. per yard

Huckaback Towels

A Firm Quality

(60 per cent. linen). Measures 17 x 32 inches, with fast selvedges and hemmed ends. Our share of an Irish mill clearing lot. Would be real good value at 25c.

Sale 19c. Each

Pullover Sweaters

A fine quality Jersey Knitted Pullover Sweater, with polo style collar, two-button opened neck. In several excellent Heather shades, in tones of purple, green, red or blue mixtures. In sizes 22 to 32, for boys from 4 to 14 years. Easily worth in the regular way $1.50. It will pay you to get several of these sweaters.

89c. Each

Lawn Handkerchiefs

Fancy colored, highly mercerized fine lawn handkerchiefs, with a large assortment of scalloped edges. (Made in Switzerland). In such colors as rose, maise, copen, mauve, pink, and nile from which to choose. When you see them you will want to buy them by the dozen. Would be splendid value at 16c. Come early for these.

Sale 5c. Each

Dainty Scarfs

For Girls' and Women's Wear

An unusual arrangement makes this splendid offering possible. Our assortment contains splendid qualities of silk and a large variety of stencilled designs. In up-to-date coloring such as peach, maise, flesh, powder, platinum and white. The scarf measures 18 inches wide by 54 inches long, and is usually sold at $1.65. Make an early choice, as these attractive scarfs will sell out quickly.

$1.19 each

Salt and Pepper Shakers

(Of Imported China)

These imported China Salts and Peppers come in bird and bunny designs, daintily colored. This is just an unusual opportunity to secure useful table articles at a ridiculous price.

10c. Pair.

A Boy's Shirt Waist

Made from good quality woven Zephyr cloth in woven stripes on white and colored grounds. All well made and trimmed throughout. (Will stand the tub). In sizes 11 and 31½, for boys from 6 to 15 years. Regular $1.00 value.

Sale 69c.

"Collegiate" Bobby Combs

With new onyx mottled finish, 4½ inches long, smoothly finished teeth, and in colors of pink, blue, helio, nile, peach, etc., etc.

9c. Each

Breakfast or Luncheon Cloths

Size 52 x 52 inches. Hemmed ends, with new large colored overchecked pattern, and 1½ inch colored bordered banding. This cloth of oyster linen comes with checks of gold, blue or green. A regular $2.00 value

At $1.38 Each

Women's Up-to-date Umbrellas

At a Remarkably Low Price

The covers of these umbrellas are made of firm "Rainshed" cloth, fancy colored handles with corde. Celluloid tips and ends. An unusual purchase enables us to offer this regular $1.50 value to you at such a low price.

98c. Each

Women's Silk Gloves

Women's excellent quality silk gloves. Fancy cuff styles of embroidery, frills, and scallops, in such colorings as sand, mode, buff, wood rose, etc. With double-tipped fingers, in sizes from 6 to 7½. The assortment is made up of regular $1.50 and $1.75 values.

89c. Pair

Solid Leather Handbags

Solid leather handbags in an assortment of several different designs, and in combination colors of blonde, tan, brown, grey, blue, and black.

$1.29 Each

Marquisette Curtain Material

A splendid barred marquisette curtain material, fully 36 inches wide, good firm even quality, in one-inch barred check. This comes in white only, and is specially suitable for bedrooms and cottage use. You would consider this good value at 17c.

11½c. Per Yard

Girls' Raincoats, with Hats to match

This useful two-piece wet-weather school set is made of a good firm rainproof material of frosted, rubberized surface on cloth base. The hat is made hood style with turned-back band and elastic at back. The coat is well made and strongly sewn, with two pockets, andd military style corduroy-lined collar. In colors of red, blue, or green, and all sizes from 6 to 14 years. A real $2.75 value

Per set (hat and coat) $1.98

Cotton Bed Sheets

In the regular double bed size 72 x 90 inches, made of strongly woven bleached cotton, free from dressing. Regular $1.50 value

For $1.19

Pure Linen Striped Crash

Good heavy weave, width 16 inches.

Sale price 7 yds. for $1.00

Bleached Tabling

Firm and heavy. Our regular 69c. quality. Buy your your requirements of this cloth.

at 49c. yd.

Fine Unbleached Cotton

In good firm, even weave, clear and free from specks, full 36 inch width.

7 yards for $1.00

Hemstitched Pillow Cases

4 pairs only hemstitched pillow cases, embroidered ends, heavy cotton, 44 inch. wide, slightly soiled, to clear at **89c. Pair**

Men's Fine Shirts

A very special purchase of men's fine shirts, in all the leading plain shades and fine stripes, made of fine quality English broadcloth. Colors are guaranteed. Separate collar to match. Sizes 14 to 17. A regular $2.25 value.

For $1.89

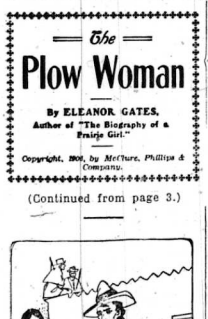
Pay Cash and Buy for Less. **MacGREGOR'S STORE** *Always Glad to Serve You.*

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES, Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

Copyright, 1908, by McClure, Phillips & Company.

(Continued from page 3.)



It was Lounsbury who took possession of the note.

storekeeper heard it, together with the embellishments it carried by reason of its having so often changed hands, he first gave Fraser a grip to show his gratitude and then sat back and enjoyed the fun. Fraser, sorely tried by the taunts of his brother officers, repaid Lounsbury with glances of wounded reproof.

"Blame it all, old man," he cried when he could get a quiet word with the other, "why didn't you help me out? You're a nice one! Letting these chaps think I'm a sport when you know"—

But Lounsbury only laughed the harder and was among the first to dub the lieutenant "a sad devil."

The storekeeper did have business with the sutler, though not the kind suggested by the major, for after being closeted with that worthy a half hour Squaw Charley was dispatched to the Lanceasters' with a basket and a note which read:

Mr. Evan Lancaster.

Dear Sir—Owing to the fact that a lot of B troop's surplus rations in the way of beans, butter, bacon, flour, salt, pepper, dried apples, prunes, rice, vinegar, molasses, etc., are piling up on my hands, I wish to dispose of same in some way at once and at any sacrifice. Would it be possible for you to relieve me of some of these goods and pay me back next summer out of your garden? Also hope you can find room for a table, benches and extra lumber on same terms. If you can do this, you will greatly oblige. Yours very truly,

JAMES MADISON BLAKELY,
Sutler, Fort Brunson, Dakota Terr.

P. S. Enclosed find samples which please keep if satisfactory. J. M. B.

When Squaw Charley returned from the shack he bore an empty basket and the following reply:

Dear Sir—Thank you. We would like to do what you said if you will please chalk it down. We will pay next summer and maybe before. I will keep count too.

DALLAS LANCASTER.

It was Lounsbury who took possession of the note. He smiled over it and put it carefully away in his innermost pocket.

And now there remained one other thing to do. He dropped into the billiard room and commenced playing, occasionally going to a window that commanded the river. When, after a game or two, he saw a man approaching from Shanty Town, he put up his cue, sauntered opportunely out and met the interpreter.

"Well, Matthews," was his greeting.

"Well?"

"I just wanted to be sure that you know Lancaster's got that tenth pota I spoke about cinched."

"Yes?"

"And that what I said before you went away still goes. You hear?"

"I ain't deef," said Matthews, noncommittal.

"That's all." And Lounsbury went back to his billiards.

The interpreter continued on to the stockade, where he was more fortunate in the delivery of the true message he had brought.

"The white women were not at the winter camp," he said, "so they could not be sent, but your brothers promise to come to save you. Watch for signals from Medicine mountain."

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT year in the northland winter encroached greedily upon spring. The latter end of March the weather did not moderate. Instead the wide valley became a channel for winds that were weighted with numbing sleet. Then April returned angrily, bringing cold rains and blews to chick all vegetation.

But April half gone, a tardy thaw set in. The icy covering of the river split into whirling blocks, the snow grew soft and baily, the crust rotted and picked up. Soon the tempering sun drove the drifts from south exposures, when a freshet coursed down the coulee and the low spots on the prairie filled until they were broad ponds, around which the migrating wild fowl alighted with joyous cries. Now eaves dripped musically, slushy wagon ruts ran like miniature Missouris and were traveled by horny frogs, prairie cocks made each dawning weirdly noisy, and far and near where showed the welcome green blue eyed anemones sprung bravely and tossed their fuzzy heads in the sharp air.

Throughout this season the shack had but one visitor—Squaw Charley. He brought fuel and once a week a basket of supplies from "B troop." Occasionally he came swinging a brant by the neck or carrying a saddle of fresh venison; but, though his manner was as friendly as ever and he seemed no less grateful and devoted, he was always strangely worried and distraught. The evangelist called by once or twice when storms or the rushing ice pack in the river did not prevent his crossing. As for Lounsbury, he traversed the bend often on his way to Brannon, and if he saw a face at a window waved his hand in pleasant greeting, but he kept to the road.

Since the morning of the aurora the little family had ceased to speak of him. That silence was neither demanded by the section boss nor agreed upon by the three. On Lancaster's part it grew out of the sneaking consciousness of the ingratitude he did not regret. On the part of Marylyn it arose from two causes—a sense of girlish shame at having confessed her attachment and a fear that her father would discover it. With Dallas consideration for the feelings of her sister made her shrink from mentioning Lounsbury. Yet there was another reason, and one no less delicate—she, as well, had a secret to guard.

But in the mind of the elder girl the thought of Marylyn's happiness was the uppermost. There were dread moments when it seemed to her as if that happiness were to be shattered.

During all the past weeks Maryiyn had carefully barbored her fancies about Lounsbury. Certain of the calico covered books on the mantel had no little part in this. Their stories of undying affection—of bold men, lorn maidens and the cruel villains who gloried in severing them—helped her to fit her little circle into proper roles. She loved and must crush out her passion. Lounsbury, whom she loved, had been sent away by her father, and she lived up to the play consistently. She saw the storekeeper anguished over his banishment; saw depths of meaning in the good natured salutes he gave the shack. With herself, she accepted loneliness as a sign of deepest suffering. She was tortured by self pity, by the Could she had dung at Dallas, by the Lim belief that her heart was hopelessly fettered. Gazing into a piece of looking glass that served her for a mirror, she marked with sorrowful pride her transparent skin and lusterless eyes. She sighed as she watched from the windows. Patiently she listened for footsteps, her face half turned to the door.

And yet what she took so tragically was nothing but failing health. What was not a fact the night of her admission to Dallas, was almost coming to pass. The few days of great cold and hunger in February, coupled with long confinement in the dirt floored house, were having their effect. She was on the verge of illness.

Lancaster, whenever he noticed her dejection, was inclined to poohpooh it. "She looks as ef she'd jes' been slapped," he declared, "an' is expectin' another lammin' any minnit. Ef she'd cry she'd shore weep lemon juice." Again, he reckoned that she had picked up "some notion." Jealous and suspicious as he was, however, he got no nearer the truth.

But Dallas—she was misled far more than either Marylyn or their father. She fought away from the idea that her sister might be breaking physically and tenderly as a mother yearned over her. Anxious eyed, she noted the pallor of the childlike face, the melancholy expression that had come to be habitual. She fretted over the sparseness of the younger girl, who ate only when she was urged. If, sated with sleep, Marylyn moved in the night, Dallas aroused on the instant and hovered beside her.

At last, thoroughly alarmed, the elder girl determined to follow out the idea that had occurred to her in midwinter. What did it matter how hard and hateful the duty would be? What did her own bidden feelings matter? She would appeal to Lounsbury in her sister's behalf.

But time passed without bringing her the opportunity, and it was borne in upon her finally that Lounsbury meant to remain away, perhaps until he was bidden to come. Undaunted, she made plans to waylay him on the coulee road. Resting the Sharps across her arm, she set out, morning or afternoon, on a long jaunt.

But Lounsbury was not met. On one such ramble, however, an incident occurred that was far reaching if not fatal in its results. She was going homeward slowly when she saw approaching an ambulance from Brannon drawn by a four mule team. She started thinkly aside, then paused. The vehicle was filled with ladies. A half dozen who were talking and laughing merrily occupied the lengthwise seats of the carriage. One sat beside the driver. Dallas put herself in the path and waited.

How often she had watched these same ladies canter out of post on their horseback rides, officers attending them, or seen them make a rollicking walking party to the bluff top And she had pictured how some day they would be ferried to the bend They could not have heard how her father talked. If they had, they would not blame her. If they passed her, they would smile and bow, maybe stop to speak.

She was all aglow now. The sun radiance rolled near. It was closed on its sides, and the women within could not see her. The woman on the seat, pretty, slender, daintily clad, did. Dallas leaned forward eagerly, face flushed, eyes shining.

The woman also leaned forward and looked Dallas up and down searchingly, coldly. Her lips were set in a sneer. Her eyes frowned. Then the ambulance bowled smartly along, the driver catching at a leader with his whip.

"Who's that, Mrs. Cummings?" The women in the rear of the vehicle were peering out.

Mrs. Cummings answered over her shoulder, "Why, it's the Plow Woman."

There were "Ohs" and "Ahs" and laughter.

The girl by the roadside heard. Slighted, rebuffed, wounded to the quick, she stumbled homeward, her sight blinded by tears.

She did not wait for Lounsbury again. Once she thought of writing him, of summoning him through a note given Squaw Charley; but, recalling her father's treatment of the storekeeper, questioned if the latter would heed her message. She felt herself isolated, but no hint of her bitterness was allowed to reach Marylyn. The younger girl knew only bright words and unceasing, unselfish care.

For one thing Dallas was deeply thankful—Matthews did not trouble the shack. David Bond had told her that when the troops left for the summer campaign the interpreter would ride with them, the evangelist being retained at the fort to fill the other's place. The latter declared that, by the pilot's report, Lounsbury's name made Matthews "lay back his ears," but that he no longer stormed about losing the claim.

And now came the warm days—days in swift, sweet contrast to those just gone. Sun and shower banded the sky with triple arcs of promise. The robins arrived, a plump and saucy crew. Bent tall curlews stalked about, uttering wild and mellow calls. The dwellers of the ground threw up fresh dirt around their burrows. The marsh violets opened pale lilac cups, and the vees at the shack put forth ambitious sprigs, so that from the front the grotesque head displayed a bristle of green whisker. The prairie was awake, blood and soil and sap.

Ben and Betty showed their high spirits with comical sporting. The mules frolicked together, pitching hind quarters, rearing to box and nipping at Simon. Fully as gay was he, though his shaggy flanks were gaunt. He played at goring them or frisked in ungainly circles. Occasionally, however, he gave signs of ill humor, lowered his head norns threateningly at Dallas, pawed up the new grown grass and charged to and fro on the bend, his voice lifted in hoarse challenge.

On the little family the light, the warmth and added duties wrought a good effect. Lancaster's grumbling lessened, and he helped to plant some boxes with cabbage and tomato seed that the sutler supplied. Marylyn, coaxed out for an hour or two daily, rewarded Dallas with smiles. Her appetite grew (rather to her chagrin), and when she held the looking glass before her she saw a faint color in her cheeks.

To Dallas the spring brought renewed courage and a vague longing. With the first mild evenings she took to venturing out wrapped in her long cloak, for a lonely walk. In her love of the gloaming she was like a wild thing. From birth the twilights of the mesa had proved irresistible. When she was a child they soothed her little troubles. In womanhood, if sorrow pressed heavily, they brought her strength. The half light, the soft air and the lack of sound were balm to her spirit.

Nightly she strayed up the coulee, eastward, south or toward the river, until, early in May, a second incident occurred and interrupted her rambles. She had walked as far as the swale that was part way to the Missouri. There she was startled into a sudden halt. From a point ahead of her and to the left sounded a grunabot.

She sank down cautiously and stayed close to the ground, her fingers steadying her, her breath suspended. There was no moon, and the stars were obscured by clouds. The cottonwoods were a black, shapeless mass. She watched them.

No answering shot rang out; but, after a long wait, a reply came from the grove. It was a laugh, loud and taunting.

She stayed crouching and presently saw a small black object leave the big blackness of the trees and advance Frightened, she arose and retraced her steps, glancing behind her as she went. At the shack, having found the latchstring, she backed into the room.

Her father and sister were asleep. Next morning, on a plea of not wishing to alarm them, she refrained from telling of the shot. It may have been a hunter, she reasoned, or a drunken trooper or one of the Shanty Town gang. But the laugh it rang in her ears.

Several twilights passed; then she ventured out again. A lip of moon was dropping down an unclouded sky; the stars hung low and white. And when she neared the swale she saw, a good distance before her, that small black object separate itself from the grove again and move forward.

She stopped. She was not frightened now. She knew who it was. And when she saw his arms come up and caught the glint of metal she called out to him: "Don't! Don't! It's me!"

There was a muttered exclamation, and the arms fell. "Miss Dallas!" he cried and sprang forward.

"I—I was sure it was you," she admitted tremulously. "And you've been guarding here all the time?"

Lounsbury was panting. "Suppose I'd fired?" he said. "I had a mind to. Foolish!"

"You'd 'a' missed likely."

"Maybe not. You see, I thought, well that Matthews or that precious brother of his, they might get to bothering you folks. Anyway, ain't it dangerous for you to be out here late like this?"

"It is for you. You get shot at—keeping guard on us."

He thumped the swale impatiently with the butt of his gun.

"Oh, it was you," she persisted, gravely enough. "That is why I came tonight."

"Ah! You mean that I can help you, Miss Dallas. Tell me teil me, what can I do?"

"Don't let Matthews kill you."

Lounsbury laid down his gun. When he straightened he stepped to her side. "Me?" he said. "Well, I'm a match for him. You ain't. But what else?"

She moved aside, averting her face. "There is something, Miss Dallas?" "Ye-e-s."

He saw she was disconcerted and, strove to put her at ease. "Do you know," he said, "you're so tall in that coat you almost look like a 'beap big chief.'"

She did not hear him. She was not listening. The wished for opportunity was come. She was trying desperately to rally a speech. "You—you ain't been round of late," she began at last. "I hope"— But she could not finish.

"No," he said slowly. He rammed his hands into his trousers pockets. "I haven't been around lately, but I didn't

(Continued on page 6.)

The Plow Woman

(Continued from page 5)

think you'd notice it." He darted a glance at her.

"Was it dad?" she asked, "Did you think"—

"Yes, it was your father. I thought he went out of his way to be—well, kinda short, you know. I was only trying it be decent."

"Dad's funny," she said reflectively. "Whenever we get to a chuck hole, where all of us ought to pull together, he goes slack on the tugs. He's like that way. So I have t' go up t' him, stroke his mane, fix his curb and let some cool air under his collar. After while he gives a haw-hee-haw and goes on."

Lounsbury did not laugh. "He balked when it came to me," he said suberly, "and it hurt. Afterward I kinda got it into my head that none of you wanted me."

She looked straight at him. "But one did—one did," she whispered, choking.

He pulled his hands free of his pockets. "One—one," he said huskily. "Who?"

And now everything was clear to her. She knew just what to say. She had no feelings of self. The duty was not hateful or embarrassing. "Who?" she repeated. "Don't you know, Mr. Lounsbury? Why, Marylyn."

"Marylyn," he echoed as if in a puzzle; "Marylyn! You're joking!"

She sent a shade of reproach in that and misunderstood it. "I reckon you won't like her so well now," she said.

"Like her so well? I don't know what you mean."

"She—she likes you," stammered Dallas.

Still he was puzzled. "I supposed she didn't hate me."

"But now you know."

There was no mistaking her. Utterly dumfounded, he could not trust an immediate answer. "I see, I see," he said dazily.

"And you'll like her just the same?"

He drew a deep breath. His eyes were on her face, trying to read it in the dimness. Then, "I am not a cub boy, Miss Dallas."

"You won't stay away," she persisted. "You'll come."

"If I'm judging right, I mustn't. I'm—I'm sorry."

"Sorry—just sorry?"

He strode back and forth a few times. "Why—why, Miss Dallas, you must understand that a man can't—when a girl— Well, it 'd be hard for me to talk about it, that's all—out and out low."

Something stirred her powerfully then—something she combated and concealed from him by a touch of apparent anger. "There's nothing low about it," she said. "A man ought to be proud. Oh," as he was about to reply, "you don't know how she's felt! She's been sick over it, white and sad, and at night she cry."

He winced.

"And you're just sorry?"

"When did you find this out?"

"That day you drove Matthews away. She told me."

He walked about again. "I can't see why she does," he mused pathetically. "I can't remember doing anything."

"But you've been so good to us—even after the way dad acted—guarded our herd and sent that land office man down from Bismarck"—

He made a protesting gesture. "Pshaw!"

"Oh, yes, you did. And why? Why? If you don't care"—

A long silence followed. During it she watched him, her very attitude imploring, while he continued to pace.

All at once he stopped determinedly. "There's a reason," he said, "why I can't do what you ask—come to see Marylyn and—and all that."

"Dad? Ah, he's got to think like me."

"No, not your father."

"Maybe"—the bitterness of Mrs. Cummings' slight impelled it—"maybe you don't think she's good enough."

"Dallas, no, no!" He put out a hand to her.

She retreated.

"There's a reason." He let his arm fall. "And it is fair and square. I'm proud of it, too, and you must honor it." His tone was significant, tender.

No hint of his meaning suggested itself to her. "Then I want to know it," she said.

"I didn't intend to tell you," he began, "at least for awhile. When I was at the shack last I made up my mind it wouldn't do any good. I said to my self, 'You keep quiet.' But"—he pluck ed off his hat and sent it whirling to the gun—"I guess you'll have to know now. Dallas, the reason—is you."

"Me?" The question was a cry.

Lounsbury waited, standing very still before her. Then, reaching out again, he touched her hand. "You," he said quietly.

Again she retreated.

"Please don't go," he begged. "I want to tell you more, and I want you to say you believe me. You must believe me."

There was another long silence. Presently he went back and picked up his hat and gun. "I know just where it puts you," he said, "but, just the same, I love you."

He was certain now that he had earned her displeasure. When he spoke again it was as one who accepts a sad finality. "I love you, and I want you. I hoped you might think a little of me some day, for I believe I could make you happy, so it was disappointing to find out that you hadn't thought of me that way; that you were figuring on seeing me take Marylyn."

"I never had much idea of marrying but when I saw you that first time—when you came in through the door, you remember—why, then, I began to think. Couldn't help it." He put on his hat and lifted the gun to his shoulder "I even wrote mother about you," he said.

He was unprepared for the answer she gave him, for it was an answer. Without speaking, she turned her face in the curve of her arm and, as if seized with an agony began to tremble.

"Dallas," he whispered tenderly "Oh, my dear girl! I'm so glad! So glad! You will—you do?"

Always have the magic WRIGLEY package in your pocket.

Soothes nerves, allays thirst, aids digestion.

But he found himself pleading into space.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEDICINE mountain was a volcano. Out of its rocky summit and into the quiet air of the May morning was rising a straight blue column of smoke.

A flag wigwagged from the southern lookout station to herald the phenomenon, and in a moment the post was agog. Keen sighted scouts hurried to points of vantage, where they studied the mounting plume. Far reaching glasses were trained, amid lively surmise from the galleries fronting the parade, while at barracks, blocking the windows and through the porch, the eager troopers gossiped and craned.

But in the stockade interest reached its highest pitch. Braves, squaws and children were strung along the upper end of the inclosure breathlessly watching the vapor thread. Each swarthy face had dropped the mask of listlessness. Each figure was rooted. Not an eyeball rolled, straight line to the belching mountain top.

For full three minutes the distant fire sent up a steady pillar. Then fort and stockade saw that pillar suddenly wabble, as if caught in the vagaries of a fitful breeze—saw it wabble, thicken, break and disappear, when the butte again stood, a jagged tooth, against the sky. Above it, innocently white, floated a hand's breadth of cloud.

And now the trumpet rang. Obeying it, two detachments mounted. One spurred away from the river, keeping close in the lee of the bluffs; the other boarded the ferry and was landed at the cut north of Shanty Town, from where it made toward the Norwest." Behind an ovious but feverishly happy garrison set about putting an extra polish on its arms. The grass was too short for a war pony. Active duty had not been expected within the month. The time of dreary waiting was up at last, for here within striking distance were the hostile reds.

The warriors in the stockade knew better. Like so many whipped dogs, they were scattered to cover, there to hide their bitter chagrin. No war party was come to harry Brannon, to lure the troopers into battle, to free the captive village. A boy Indian—he looked for messenger—had fanned that signal fire on the mountain, and by a wave of his blanket he had told them evil news.

To Colonel Cummings the seeming early boldness of the enemy gave an inkling of what might be expected later on—in the summer, when there would be good grazing and a smaller force at the post. Already he feared for the safety of the settlers living within sight of the garrison flag. The detachment landed at the cut was ordered to warn two of them. The third was Evan Lancaster. To him the commanding officer sent David Bond.

But it was Dallas whom the evangelist sought. He found her at work upon the plowed strip, cross dragging it in preparation for the planting of the corn. As she drove up and down she walked hatless in the sun. Her hair was down and hung forward in two braids. She wore the snug jersey that had been her mother's. Her skirt was tucked up, back and front, to be out of the way. It disclosed no red flannel petticoat, however.

Not far away was Simon, a starling riding him to gobble the greenhends as they bit. The bull was revolving sullenly on his picket rope and shedding his long winter coat upon the new grass in deference to his inborn dislike Dallas was wearing an underskirt of blue

Though the evangelist had never seen her trudging behind the mules, he had often spoken of it pityingly. Yet as he came toward her now he felt only an unbounded pride in her unself-ishness and in her brave efforts to wrest a living from the soil.

"A splendid Ruth," he murmured, advancing; "a splendid Ruth toiling in the fields!"

Seeing him, she gave a swift, troubled glance at the shack. Then, avoiding his eyes and without speaking, she pulled up Ben and Betty, and held out a hand.

When he took it the pride of a moment before changed to compassion. He remembered that he must tell her what would alarm, for in her face he saw traces of many a sleepless night and of a sapping worry.

"Daughter, you are ill!" he declared and kept a tight hold on her fingers.

"No; there ain't anything the matter with me, only"—still avoiding his eyes, she turned to survey the harrowed land—"only I'm some put out. This soil"—

"Never mind the sod," he said gravely. "I want to ask—did you see the mountain?" He loosed her fingers and pointed an arm to the south.

She laughed, following his pointing. "Yes, I did. Looks as if claims are getting scarce, don't it? When a nester has to file up there!"

Midway between shack and butte was an ox team that had been traveling to and fro across a quarter section since dawn. The team was now at a stand, and their driver was slouching against his plow. Beyond

The distant fire sent up a steady pillar

him were several galloping dots.

"And you saw the cavalry?" said David Bond.

She assented.

"One word will tell you what it means, Dallas. It's Indians!"

She showed no sign of disquiet. Presently, when she had thought over the announcement, she turned round to him, frankly meeting his gaze for the first time. "That's funny," she said. "Why, last year all the way up from Texas there wasn't an Indian bothered us!"

"Last summer before you came the soldiers at Brannon did not dare go more than a mile outside the lines to hunt. It will be the same this summer. There is that stockade full of prisoners, and four of them are condemned to be hanged. Before long the Indians will be circling the post."

She looked away at the ox team They were being taken from the plow and put to a wagon.

Then again she turned suspicion "What about Shanty Town?" she said, with meaning.

He understood: "Shanty Town goes when the troops go, but"—hesitatingly —"Matthews does not. He will stay at Brannon to act as interpreter."

"He will!" she said and colored.

He colored, too, feeling himself reproved, but from under the wide battered felt that had supplanted the nubia his eyes shone with no resentment, only fatherly tenderness.

"You wonder why I do not remain," he began, "so that Matthews could be sent away. I shall tell you."

She let the reins fall to the drag "That isn't it," she answered quickly. "We have no right to ask you to do anything after the way dad treated you. But the colonel sent you over to tell us to look out, didn't he? And he keeps a man over there—pays him to stay—and that man is a sight worse than an Indian!"

"I could have that man dismissed," he said slowly. "Please let me tell you why I don't. In the first place, the Indians are beginning to act badly —very badly. They are invading Crow territory and stealing from peaceful bands. They are roistering whites wherever they can find them and murdering. So we can judge that there well be hard fighting, for the troops will seek to pay them up.

"Oh, Dallas, I pray to see trouble stop! I am going to the Indians. I know their leaders—have known them for ten years or more. I shall ask them to consider the good of their squaws and children and property and ask them to accept reservation life. If they won't, I shall beg a few of them to come in with me and at least talk treaty."

"That is the first reason for my going. The second is the Jamiesons. If I find those poor women and tell their captors that the four chiefs here are in danger, I know mother and daughter will be handed over to me"—

"You're right! You can save them!"

"God bless you for saying that! It won't be pleasant with Matthews here"—

"But you must go. Never mind about Matthews."

"I cannot go without being satisfied that you and Marylyn will be safe. The colonel said"—

"The colonel!" she interrupted. Then, half resentfully, "Did the women folk send any word?"

He was mildly surprised. "N-n-no," he answered, "they didn't, but"—

She laughed and picked up the reins "Well, dad'll never leave this quarter," she said decisively, "if that's what the colonel wants."

The evangelist shook his head "Then dwellest in the midst of a rebellious house," he quoted sadly. "Now, if you come to the fort to live"—

"Matthews could move into the shack."

"Hardly that with the backing you have. The boys at the post would never see Matthews take your home. Believe me, as long as you and your father care to live here you can. Public opinion over there"—he pointed to Brannon—"is strong in your favor. And there is Lounsbury too. Why, that man is helpless."

She averted her face.

"So you will lose nothing by coming to the fort," he persisted, "while you may save a great deal—your lives!"

"Dad will never go to the fort. He hates 'em like poison."

"Yes—yes—he's foolish and stiff necked. For such is punishment meted out. See!" The ox team was traveling toward them, prodded by the driver. They stood in silence a while.

"Then go to Bismarck," urged David Bond finally. "Stay there until the autumn."

"Live on what?" she asked.

From a blind pocket he very slowly brought forth a narrow buckskin pouch tied with a thong. He opened it and emptied a handful of coins upon a palm. "This is only a little," he said apologetically, "but it will help, and—you must think first of your safety."

"I can't take it," she said, her voice all gentleness. "Even if I did—what about next winter? I must stay and raise things. Don't you see?"

"At Bismarck you would have a double market, Dallas. There is Fort Lincoln and the town."

OPERATION LEFT HER VERY WEAK

Letter Tells of Wonderful Relief After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Coniston, Ontario.—"After a severe operation and a three weeks' stay in a hospital I returned home so weak that I was unable to move a chair. For four months I was almost helpless. The with pains and suffering until I thought there could not be help for me. I had very severe pains in my head and had suffered agony every month. One day when I was not able to get up my mother begged me to try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of Vegetable Compound at once and I took it. I started a second bottle, and to my surprise and joy the pains in my side left me completely and I am able to do all my work without help. I am a farmer's wife, so you see I can't be idle long. In all, I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of the Compound Tablets, two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and have used the Sanative Wash."—Mrs. L. LAJEUNESSE, Box 103, Coniston, Ontario. c

"I'd—I'd have to plow new ground," she went on, "and—we'd have to build again and dig another well"—

"There are men in Bismarck who"—Suddenly she lowered her voice and stepped nearer. "That's just the reason dad wouldn't go there," she said. "We'd be close to town. We'd have to meet folks. Here he keeps away from the fort and you and Mr. Lounsbury—every one but Charley."

"Oh—oh—oh," breathed the evangelist helplessly.

"Now you know. It's no use. I don't complain, but he's fastened to the bend with a diamond hitch!"

"Now I know!" David Bond exclaimed.

A hallo sounded from the shack. Facing that way they saw the section boss. He was standing just outside the door balanced on one crutch. The other he was thrusting angrily at the ground.

"You see," said Dallas, "You see! And he can't help it. Poor dad!"

The evangelist groaned and held out a hand. "Dear girl," he said, "it is goodby. God keep you all, and God help me! I see now that you are tied; that I can do no good. The colonel will surely take care that you are protected. Lounsbury and Charles will stay. I must go with that comforting knowledge. My love to Marylyn. Goodby."

She steadied her voice to answer. "I watch," she said. "I don't sleep well, so it's easy. If they heard a gun at Brannon"—

He raised his hand to bless her, then, without speaking again, walked slowly away. She unhooked the tugs and headed the mules for home.

"Waal," called her father sarcastically as she approached, "what's thet ol' sniffler want? Is day aft' t'morrow th' en' o' th' world?"

She ignored his questions and told him of the warning.

Instantly his anger rose. Planting himself before her, he shook a finger close to her face. "So th' hull kit an' b'ilin' o' ye stan' us, is be?" he demanded. "Tryin' t' git us t' come in an' leave th' ben'. Waal—ain't we right under his nose? Kain't he watch out fer us? Whut's he here fer? Whut's he paid fer?"

Then, riding in on the tide of his wrath, came dark suspicion. "An' whut's he so crazy t' git us away fer?" he queried. "Eh, yah! Whut's th' idee? I know—Ah do know! He's got thet low down card sharp of a Matthews fer his interpreter. He knows thet card sharp wants this lan'. Thet's his game! An' he kain't fool me!"

"Maybe, maybe," said Dallas, leaving him to stand beside Marylyn. "But, of course, dad, we mustn't forget that he's warned the other folks on this side too."

Her father glared at her. "You talk th' hin part, ain't ye?" he said. "Me-n-my How's thet? Are you so all fired anxious t' git t' Brannon?"

"No, dad, I'll never go to Brannon. Never, never! If I did, you, my father, oughtn't t' misunderstand it."

He quailed before her vehemence and hobbled shamefacedly toward the door. "O' course, if th' injuns come"—he began.

"They won't." She drew Marylyn to her. "And if they do a shot 'll bring help."

He was in the doorway now "Wy," he cried, "there's thet fool Norwegian goin' t' th' bandit'! Waal, he kain't git on sand!"

"We'll be killed if the Indians come, Dallas." It was Marylyn, whispering up fearfully to her sister.

"We'll be careful, honey. Keep away from the corner after this. Walk toward Brannon always."

Dallas spent the afternoon out of doors, where everything spoke of peace. Not even a hand's breadth of cloud floated upon the sky. The air was warm and fragrant with the new growth. Magpies chattered by. The bobolinks sent up their hearty song.

When she left off work she saw the settler from the "little bend" drive by with his wife and children. Going home, she found her father cleaning and caressing the Sharps But in her ability to sense danger, as in her love of the gleaming, Dallas was like a wild thing, and she felt not the slightest disquiet.

CHAPTER XIX.

MIDWAY of the even, broad expanse between shack and gap stood an A tent, very new, very white and very generous in dimensions Like a giant mushroom, it had cropped forth during the night. About it stretched the untouched prairie, all purpling over with morning glories.

The tent opened toward the river and was flanked on one side by a pile of short pickets. Their tops dipped the color of the canvas, their bases nicely sharpened for the plotting out of ground Near by, thrown flat, was a wide board sign, which read in staring blue letters, "Al Braden, Real Estate."

It was well on toward noon before the tent showed life; then there emerged from it a bulky man of middle age who dusted at his high boots as he came, stretched, drawing his long coat snug and settled an elaborate vest. He completed his costume by donning a black hat that was of new and floppy. Then, thumbs tucked in armholes, he strolled away toward the Lancasters.

The section boss and his daughters were lined up on the warm side of the lean-to, shading their faces from the sun. When the comer was so near that they could see he was strange to them Lancaster gave a peremptory wag of the head and the two girls disappeared around a corner. Their father stayed on watch, his jaws working nervously with the ever present chew.

The burly man advanced upon the lean-to. "Mornin', mornin'," was his greeting. He made several swinging bows at Lancaster and took him in shrewdly from eyes that were round and close set.

The section boss grunted.

"Lovely day," observed the other, with a bland smile. He changed his pack if he expected to be were going by.

Lancaster bobbled along with him. "Y-a-a-s," he drawled. "Right good. Some cool."

The stranger agreed by another series of swinging bows. "You got a nice place here—nice place," he continued affably. He loosened one thumb with a jerk.

"Nice 'nough."

The man halted in front of the shack and looked it over. "You're a southern gentleman," said he, "by your talk."

"Ah am."

Lancaster spoke with unfriendly rising inflection.

"Well, well." A hand was extended — fat hand, where sparkled a diamond. "Say, now, this is lovely, lovely. I'm a southerner myself, sir. Put it there."

The section boss hesitated. So far Dakota had offered him no compatriot. He could scarce believe that one stood before him now. A second, then he gave a pleased grin. "Howdy," he said. "Hope y' goin' t' settle here, sah."

They shook heartily.

"Settle due east of you, sir," was the answer. "My name's Braden—Al Braden. I'm from Sioux Falls."

"Won't y' come in?"

"Tickled t' death!"

They entered the shack, Lancaster leading. Dallas and Marylyn glanced up in surprise from the fireplace and rose hastily.

"M' gals," said the section boss, motioning their visitor to a bench.

Braden took it, with more swinging bows and a sweep of his floppy headgear. "Glad t' meet you," he smiled. "Miss-s-s-s Miss"—

"Lancaster 's the'r name," prompted the section boss, all in good nature.

"Lancaster. Glad t' meet you both."

Dallas nodded and drew her sister away to the wagon seat in the corner.

"Yes' sir-ee, I'll think y' said," began their father, hunting his tobacco plug along the mantel.

"Yep."

"Um. Any—any news f'm down there way 'bout this part o' th' country?"

Braden fell to admiring his ring. "No, sir, no. Didn't hear nothin' particular."

The section boss fidgeted. "S'pose y' know they 's some talk 'bout a railroad comin' this way," he said carelessly.

"Don't go much on that talk. Ten years, twenty years—maybe. Too early for me."

Lancaster's face lengthened. He blinked in dismay.

"My idea," went on Braden, "is cows. Goin' t' be a lot of money in 'em, sure as you're alive. Hear Clark's made a good thing of his."

"Cows!" said Lancaster in disgust. "Cows don' help a country don' raise th' price o' lan'."

"Cows or no cows, your place here's worth a nice little sum," protested the other condescendingly—"hundered anyway."

Lancaster stared. "Hundered!" he cried. "You got th' grass staggers. Y're loonsplain'."

Braden pursed his lips, his thumbs in his armholes again. "Three hundered and fifty, say," he compromised. "I'd be willin' t' give you that."

A moment since the section boss had been downcast. Now, he guffawed. "Would y'?" he asked; "would y'?" There was a sage gleam in his eye.

"I would."

Lancaster sucked his teeth importantly. "I' couldn't bee it a cent short o' seven hundered an' fifty," he declared.

"You'll never git it, sir, never! Five hundered 's a spankin' figger."

"Bah!"

"Telling you what's what. There's thousands of acres around here just as good as yours. Why not go to the west. But you got this end of the ford. That makes a little difference."

"Maybe 'bout fifteen hundered dollars' diff'rence."

It was Braden's turn to laugh. "My friend, you'll hist to two thousand pretty soon," he warned, and arose. "Better take five hundered and fifty when y' can get it. He flung out his hands as if he were feeding hens.

Lancaster got up with him, rightcously angry. "Say, you ain't no south ner" he cried. "Jes' a slick Yank. Ah do see, through you like winda pane!"

Braden laughed again, tapping the shoulder of the section boss "You ain't wise," he confided. "Farmin' out here in cows means mountain fences. But hang on if you want to. It's your land." He ended this with a jovial slap and made for the door. From it he could see the girls. He gave them a magnificent bow. "Afternoon, mornin'," he said and walked out.

Lancaster went back to the hearth, fairly weak with delight. Dallas and Marylyn joined him. "What d' y' think?" panted their father. "Say, he ain't got th' sense he ought 's been born with!"

"Don't like him," Dallas declared.

"Pig eyes," suggested Marylyn.

At that the section boss calmed. "Waal," he said, "he's as good anyhow as slopover soldiers."

Meanwhile Braden was on his way to the Trooper's Delight, his face glum, his step quick, his arms cutting the air like propellers When he lumbered into it he creaked up to the plank bar and helped himself to a finger of whisky. Then he propped himself on an elbow and stood scowling into the rear of the room.

From the gaming table sounded the raillery of a dozen men Matthews was there, heels up, hat tipped back, a cigar set between his little teeth

"What y' givin' us?" cried one of his companions. "You're drunk, Nick—plumb drunk."

Braden listened, turning away. An advertisement of brandy hung from a shelf on the far side of the bar He toyed with his goblet, his eyes fixed on the gaudy, fly specked picture

"I ain't drunk," Matthews declared "I never been drunk My stomick ain't big 'nough to hold the reequisit amount."

There was more laughter The interpreter, well pleased with himself, surveyed his audience, polishing the cigar, now up, now down, so that its glowing end threatened to burn his shirt collar or, tilting skyward all but singed what there was of a tow eyebrow.

"And that ain't the best part of the story," he went on. "As I was sayin'

"My friend, you'll hist to two thousand pretty soon."

bout a darned pound of ice was left in Boston. Well, what d' y' think my old man does? He rents the fastest boat steamer he can find Then he goes way up north in the Atlantic and lays to with his weather eye open Day or two long comes a' iceberg big as a house, and, by —, he hitches to it, and Boston gits ice f'r"

And now, like a ponderous bobcat descending upon its prey, Braden stole soft footed across the room. "Nick!" he said. His jaws came together with the click of a steel trap.

Matthews lowered his heels. "Jumpin' buffalo!" he cried in amazement. "Al Braden! Where 'd you come from?" He took the other's hand, at the same time pulling him slowly toward the door. Away from the crowd, they brought up.

"Well, you're a nice one!" was Braden's answer. "You're a nice one! Ettin' that bend slip through your fingers!"

All the interpreter's cocksureness was gone He threw the cigar into the sand box under the stove and looked on the verge of following it.

"Say, you talk of fleein'!" taunted Braden. "Why, you been skinned clean 's a whistle! And by a old fool duffer from Texas"

"I was at Dodge when he come," snarled Matthews, finding his voice. "What you go streakin' off to Dodge for after the tip I give?"

"Well, no one here was talkin' railroad, so I—well, I"—

"Head it yourself," said Matthews. "You know blamed well"—

Braden interrupted him by beginning. He lowered his voice and intoned, giving the interpreter a glance designed to stab him with the words that called for stress:

"The proposed line will open up a country of rich grasses and ground and of unexcelled hunting The Indians, while still troublesome beyond the Missouri, are rapidly being brought to see the advisability of remaining on the reservations, and little more annoyance on their part may be appre-

hended. Fort Brannon, he declares, is in the hands of several hundred brave fighting men and may be looked upon as a place of certain refuge in case of an outbreak The soldiers are proving to be such a menace to those Indians who will not agree to reservation life that whole bands of the more savage redskins are leaving for the bad lands and the rougher country, farther west. No Indian war parties have been seen east of the big river for some time. Already there is an increasing interest in land along the survey, and it is believed that when the last ties of the new line are laid there will be few unclaimed quarter sections between the Big Sioux and the Missouri."

"There!" Braden wound up. "And gradin' begun already at the Mississippi!"

"The h—l you say."

"Believe me now, won't you? Didn't they have a banquet with champagne? All the state big bugs, and surveyor, and so on!"

"Too bad!"

"That's what I say, and I'll say more. Of course we was to go gardners on this thing. So far, so good, but here you ain't did your half, and you can't kick if I deal from now on with old man Lancaster."

Matthews understood. "By —, I done my best!" he cried. "I' can't come any of that on me, Braden!"

"Keep on your shirt, Nick; keep on your shirt. I looked into this thing at Bismarck, and under the law you ain't got one right. Lancaster owns that bend, and if I pay him out of my own money why ain't it square?"

The interpreter licked his head.

"Of course," Braden went on, "I'd rather divvy. I can see he's one of them greedy old ducks that's hard to talk money with. Maybe you can think up how to get the land back."

Matthews leaned close. "I had a scheme," he nodded south in the direction of Medicine mountain "but the reds can't come. I had t' go slow. There's women in th' fambly. Nat'lly all the men up and down the Muddy want t' see Lancaster stay. There's been a dude f'm Bismarck here off and on ten tony cuss, sleeps between sheets, nice about his paws as a cat. He's been ready t' tattle or roll a gun."

To be Continued.

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace.
Phones—Office 46, Residence 125
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

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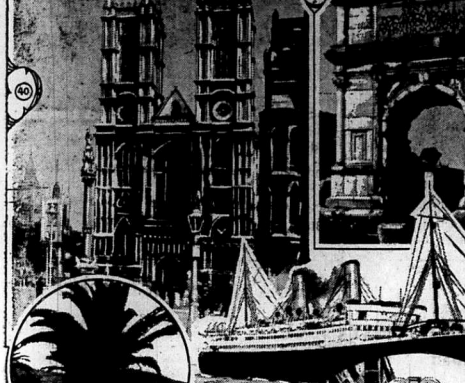
GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Dreams of Visiting Old World Countries Come True



Upper left—Old Westminster Abbey. Lower left—Big Ben. Upper right—The Arch of Titus in Rome. Lower left—Along the waterfront of Naples. Punchal, Lower right—Passing under the Arches of Naples in Venice, Italy. Centre right—The C.P.S.S. Empress of France.

Travelling in Europe for about ten dollars a day, putting overseas travel on a par with a normal holiday at home, is made possible for the American tourist by the happy combination of Tourist Third Cabin Class on the magnificent Atlantic fleet of the Canadian Pacific Steamships and the tours arranged by the old world body the Arts Crafts Guild of Chicago, possible for the first time in history. It is shown by the figures released by these companies.

The creation of this new class of ocean travel on Canadian Pacific vessels has made travel possible for many thousands who have been unable to consider fulfilling their hopes, and during the past few years it has become fully established in popularity. The economy effected by this class of ocean passage makes a comprehensive European tour possible for every traveller, who during the Atlantic voyage enjoys surroundings and comforts equal to those until recently associated only with first class accommodation. Staterooms are above the water line, each with hot and cold running water, and the public rooms—card rooms, a drawing rooms, smoking rooms, dining saloons—are commodious and tastefully furnished. Orchestras are carried for special entertainments and dancing. These take place on the broad promenade decks or within doors.

Itineraries ranging from thirty-two to seventy-three days in extent, including the ocean passage, are offered for the traveller under the Continental Collegiate Tours organized by the Arts Crafts Guild of Chicago. The charm of these tours is realized right from the start, for during the thousand mile journey down the mighty St. Lawrence and through the Gulf the boats pass scenery rivalling that of any river trip in the old world for beauty and picturesqueness.

Once overseas there is nothing of importance or interest missed by the tours of the Guild. In England they include the Shakespeare country and London; in the "Low Countries," the best of Belgium and Holland; in Germany, the Rhine and her great centres; in France, Paris—of course—and the lovely Riviera with Monte Carlo in its midst; in Switzerland, the Alps; to the south the cities of sunny Italy and romantic Spain; and to the north, in the "Land of the Midnight Sun", Norway and Sweden. Everything in fact that the traveller is anxious to see may be visited on these tours.

BALKL..SS WILD DOGS

Fierce Canines Only Animals on Juan De Nova, an Island In the Indian Ocean.

A French schooner which arrived at Table Bay recently visited a strange island of dogs during her voyage, says the New York Herald-Tribune.

"We were steaming northward between the East African coast and Madagascar," said the captain. "Dark against a pink skyline at dawn I saw through my binoculars the outline of a ship.

"No smoke came from her funnel, no white wave broke about her bows. She did not lift to the long Indian ocean swell. When full daylight came I realized that she was a wreck, fast on the coral reefs of little Juan de Nova Island.

"Juan de Nova is the island of dogs. There have been others — one in the Bosporus where all the hungry, scavenging dogs of Constantinople were marooned and left to starve. But on lonely, tropical Juan de Nova the dogs feed royally and rule the island.

"In the days of sail, bluff-bowed East Indiamen, Portuguese barques and galleys of all nations used to call at Juan de Nova for fresh water, fruit and turtles. Dogs of every breed, some from Europe, others from China, escaped on shore and were left behind. To-day their descendants form the strangest, wildest mongrel horde in the world.

"The dogs have the island to themselves. When a French steamer sent a boat's crew ashore for water a few years ago the men were attacked with such ferocity that they had to return for firearms before they could fill their casks."

Naturalists have noted two queer facts about the dogs of Juan de Nova —they droop their tails like wolves and they have lost their bark. On moonlight nights they may be heard calling wildly to each other; but when they returned to savagery they lost the bark of the ordinary dog.

Hunting in packs the dogs seem to have divided the island to their own satisfaction. One pack never invades the territory of another. They scratch in the sandy beaches for turtles' eggs, eat the turtles that crawl out of the sea occasionally and stalk sea-birds with the skill of jungle beasts. No one who has seen the dogs of Juan de Nova doubts that our household pets had their origin in the wild. These dogs are as fierce as any Siberian wolf.

For years they have remained unmolested in their island kingdom, among the cocoanut palms and bananas and mangoes. The island is a horseshoe of coral and there was a time when the pirates used to careen their wooden ships within its shelter. The canine descendants of Juan de Nova are almost as dangerous as the buccaneers of last century.

GEORGE H. DORAN.

Head of Probably the Greatest of All Publishing Houses.

A Toronto boy who has made a great place for himself in the world is George H. Doran. He is now at the head of probably the greatest of all publishing houses, Doubleday, Doran & Co., of New York, and the Canadian house, Doubleday, Doran & Gundy Ltd., Toronto, the Toronto Star Weekly.

Mr. Doran was born in Toronto, spent his youth in that city and got his early experience there as a publisher. He went to New York in 1891 and met with steady success until the recent amalgamation of his business with the famous firm of Doubleday, Page & Company, which was also a firm that had its beginning in Toronto.

At the outset as a publisher Mr. Doran adopted this as his position: "I will publish any book that does not destroy a man's faith in God and without providing an adequate substitute, and I will publish any book that does not destroy the sanctity of marriage without providing an adequate substitute." From this stand against destructive books he has never budged.

During the war Mr. Doran threw the resources of his publishing house into the scale on the side of the Allies and brought out a number of influential books and pamphlets, including Gerard's "My Four Years In Germany," of which 200,000 copies were sold.

Of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Amazing Interlude" he sold nearly a quarter of a million copies. Hugh Walpole, Somerset Maugham, Ralph Connor, Frank Swinnerton, and a host of other authors have been made by Doran, whose books he has flung through America by the hundred thousand.

Mr. Doran is a quiet man endowed with a tremendous industry and gentleness of purpose. He uses simple directness instead of emphasis in conversation, and about the only test he ever takes is on the frequent ocean voyages to and from London. Recently he was in Toronto and met a group of his old friends at dinner. The years have dealt kindly with Mr. Doran. He has reached the age of three-score and his hair begins to gray, but it does so beautifully. No man could possibly take on the hues of the autumn of life more gracefully than he, giving him the benign aspect that seems reserved for those only who live their lives engaged in the creating or producing of literature.

PERELICT OF THE AIR.

German Ace Met With Gruesome Experience.

It must have been a weird and grotesque experience to meet an airplane coursing through the upper air manned only by dead men. That really happened during the World War, according to Baron Richthofen, the great German ace, whose dramatic story is told by Floyd Gibbons in "The Red Knight of Germany."

One afternoon when Richthofen and his squadron were approaching a small bank of clouds, a British two-seater with motor full on swooped from the clouds and flew straight for the centre of the German V but without firing a single shot. Boelcke, the German squadron leader, dived to a position over the tail and pressed the machine gun trigger. From above and below he saw his bullets rip into the bodies of both the pilot and the observer who were sitting bolt upright in their cockpits. Still there was no return fire from the British plane, no deviation in its course, no attempt to shake off its pursuers. The German ace was puzzled. Gradually he flew directly over it. Banking his wings slightly to depress one side of the fuselage, he peered down into the two cockpits of the British plane and into the blood-stained faces of two dead men sitting rigidly strapped to their seats. The plane was a derelict of the air.

Death had placed its controls in neutral holding it to an even keel as it sped onward across the sky, its motor roaring from a wide-open throttle. Boelcke flew some minutes above the derelict, escorting it like a funeral plane as it flew westward with the bodies of its air-Vikings on the last lap of their flight. Before changing course to return he dipped his wings in a final salute to the dead.

WRITING ON BAMBOO.

Papermakers Need Not Rely Nowadays on Old Sources of Supply.

How much paper do you use in a year? Count in newspapers, periodicals, writing-paper and envelopes, the paper you use to tie up parcels or for modelling or shopping expeditions, and you will find the total rather astonishing. In England it works out at half a hundredweight a head. In America it is a good deal more.

Much of this paper is obtained from Canadian soft wood, but it is estimated that if the continues to be used up at the present rate it will be exhausted in about twenty-five years, says an Old Country paper. As for the United States, it is using every year eight times its annual growth.

No wonder the experts are perturbed about the situation. It is not only paper that is affected; many modern necessities, from silk stockings to pit props and railway sleepers, would be endangered by a soft wood famine.

Fortunately, the papermaker need not rely nowadays on the old sources of supply. New ones are being opened up. In the Colonial, bamboo trees are being used for making paper, and a pulp factory has just been built in the bamboo country.

Then, bamboo is being used for raw material for paper in India, and experiments on a commercial scale have shown that bamboo pulp can be produced at a cost considerably lower than that of wood pulp.

Probably bamboo especially will be used more and more for making paper in the next few years. The cellulose industries, including paper, are busily using up 40,000,000 tons of raw wood a year; and in ten years' time it is estimated that this figure will have grown to 50,000,000. The existing forests cannot stand the strain of providing this. In addition to the supply of soft wood needed for other purposes.

But it isn't enough to find new sources of supply. The forests must also be protected. At present, forest fires and other destructive agencies destroy four trees in Canada for every one that is used commercially.

1,000,000,000-Bushel Crop.

Eventually Canada will produce 1,000,000,000 bushel crop of wheat and will have no difficulty in finding a market for it, predicts Hon. T. A. Crerar, president and general manager of the United Grain Growers, Limited. Referring to the development of Western Canada, Mr. Crerar said there was no country in the world where so great a development had taken place in the past few years and there was no country having such great possibilities.

Caused Actors to Sneeze.

When the curtain rose for the first act of the performance at the town hall at Wetenseffe, the audience noticed that the actors on the stage seemed to have bad colds. They all sneezed so violently that they could hardly say their lines, and matters were made worse when the favorite actress of the town swept on to the stage and joined in the chorus of sneezing.

The audience rocked with laughter while the company on the stage struggled to control themselves and get on the play. It was all in vain, and the curtain had to be lowered.

Before it was raised again it had to be brushed and squirted with water to get off the sneezing powder which some practical joker had put on it so that, as it rose, a cloud of powder should spread on the stage and set the actors sneezing.

AN..IENTS MADE GOOD GLASS

Knew How to Inject Colors of Various Sorts—Product Not Equal to Our Modern Kind.

The servants of Tut-Ankh-Amen, and Egyptians even more ancient than they, made better glass than any of the later glassmakers until the coming of modern science and technique to the aid of the art, according to Prof. B. Neumann of the Technical High School at Breslau.

Prof. Neumann has made physical and chemical analysis of a large number of samples of ancient glass, ranging from recient Egyptian through Roman times down to Saracenic glasses of about 850 A.D. The result ran through all the ancient glasses, though in varying degree. This was a somewhat too high alkali content in the mix, which made the product a "soft" glass, with lower resistance to corrosion and slower solution than that possessed by modern glasses.

This defect, says the German investigator, was more or less unavoidable, because the wood-fired glass furnaces could not develop sufficiently high temperatures, and the high alkali content had to be added to get the ingredients to melt together. The quality of the varieties of glass he examined was roughly proportional to its melting point. The Egyptian glass, which was the best, had a melting point of 760 to 880 degrees centigrade, while the poorest sample, a fifth-century Roman glass from the Rhine region, began to melt at 720 degrees.

From its earliest manufacture in Egypt, about 5500 B.C., until almost the beginning of the Christian era, glass was used almost wholly as a semi-precious stone, for ornaments. The ancients could not make a clear glass; the nearest approach was a light green. This was due to natural impurities in the ingredients. But they learned how to add colors, and made glasses in darker greens, reds, blues, yellow, violet, black and cloudy white.

After the invention of the blowing tube, the use of glass rapidly became general throughout the Roman world, which reached from the Euphrates to the Rhine, and the improvements in the glass technique has been carried on steadily in one part of the world or another ever since.

"The End of a Perfect Day."

How many people know who Carrie Jacobs Bond is? Not one in a hundred. But everybody knows the song which made her fortune. She wrote the words and music of "The End of a Perfect Day." Her second husband died when she was thirty-two and left her with one child and little money. Although she had no capital or business experience, she started a business for publishing her own songs. The business grew until she had to enlarge her offices because the demand for "A Perfect Day" alone was so great. It was written after a day of motoring through beautiful scenery in California. The day closed with a glorious sunset, and while she was dressing for dinner Mrs. Bond felt the need of expressing her thanks. "Almost at once came the words of 'A Perfect Day'," she says.

The Rust-Menace.

Damage caused by rust affects every department of life, including the home, but it is most serious in industry, even though it has been found possible with the aid of science to retrieve a good deal of the iron lost as scrap.

Methods of protection of exposed surfaces, of course, are many and the corrosion are among the most remark of recent developments in science.

Ten years ago the annual wastage of iron and steel had reached thirty million tons, as against a mean world production rate of fifty million tons. This annual wastage is still going steadily all the time. But the enormous intensification of the research into the cause of corrosion and the possibilities of protection against it has had results that are extremely promising.

The Sundial Gun.

Sundials are not the only instruments that rely on the sun to make them of any use. There is a gun that fires a projectile at twelve o'clock every day, provided the sun is not hidden by clouds.

It is a small brass cannon, built in Paris in 1650. Its touch-hole has been elongated into a groove running in line with the north-south line on the dial. A teaspoonful of powder forms the charge, and the gun is also sprinkled upon the long touch-hole.

If the burning-glass lens held by adjustable arms above the cannon is set in the correct position, the concentration of the sun's rays will make the powder explode at midday.

Place of a Million Skulls.

A railway passing through a place of a million skulls is now in course of construction beneath Paris.

Drills and hammers are pounding a way through the famous catacombs to make a new line that will relieve the congested traffic in the southern part of the city.

The bones of the dead have been placed here for centuries past, and secret meetings of criminals, and even of religious societies, have been held here from time immemorial.

The catacombs were originally hollowed out as a quarry, whence building stone was extracted. They were used later as a depository for the skeletons taken from disused Paris cemeteries on which buildings were erected. The walls were built into pyramids and the bones were laid in such a way as to form walls.

The Almond Harvest.

Few people realize the great trouble taken in the cultivation of almonds. They are the most important crop of the island of Majorca, where many varieties are cultivated, and the industry is so prosperous that as old olive trees die they are replaced by almonds.

When the almonds are almost ripe they are knocked off the branches by long bamboo poles and then picked up by women and children. The nuts are separated from the husks after drying, and the shells are then broken by hand or machinery and the kernels extracted.

Horses' Skulls "Amplifier."

An old superstition that horses' skulls improve the acoustics of music-rooms is revived by the discovery in a seventeenth-century manor house of between thirty and forty horses' skulls arranged under the floorboards. The house was that of a family of noted musicians.

"WEARING THE LEEK"

"King of Britons" Ordered Soldiers to Wear One to Distinguish Them From Saxon Foe.

The real origin of "wearing the leek" upon March 1, St. David's Day, is involved in considerable obscurity. The old Welsh song "Dydd Gwyl Dewi," however, embodies the most commonly received tradition on the subject. In A.D. 640 Cadwallon, a Welsh prince, assumed the title, "King of the Britons," and for thirty years waged successful warfare against his Saxon foes. During one of the most fierce battle he fought, when the Saxons found that they were hard pressed they attempted a ruse on Cadwallon's men by disguising themselves in Welsh garb. The old song referred to explains the rest:

"But soon the Welshman's eager ken
Discerned the craven play,
And gave a leek to all his men
Upon St. David's Day."

This was to be the emblem which designated the Welshman from his foe. Shakespeare, in Henry V., makes Fluellen, the impressible Welshman, say (referring to the leek): "It is a badge of honorable service." Incidentally, it to-day constitutes the design on the cap badge of the famous Welsh Guards.

Of St. David himself but little authentic history is available. Documents preserved in the National Library of Wales would indicate that he lived in the fifth century, in that part of Wales then known as "Dyfed." Some writers claim that he was an uncle to the famous King Arthur of the Round Table, or "Arthur Fawr," as he is known in Welshmen. He succeeded Dubricius as Archbishop of Caerleon, from which city the Metropolitan of Wales was transferred to what is now known as Tyddewi. He is said at all times to have led a hermitical life, and was noted for his sanctity and exemplary character on account of which he was much beloved by his people.

In his "Itinerary Through Wales," Giraldus Cambrensis refers to a miracle associated with the name of St. David, in which it is told that, while he was preaching one day, the ground was suddenly seen to rise, and on the little hill thus brought into existence was later erected Llanddewi Brefi (the Church of David on Brevy). This is a popular folk tale in Wales to this day. The pious David died on March 1, which for fifteen centuries has been dedicated to the memory of the patron saint of Wales. Amid the rejoicing, Welshmen, wherever domiciled, regard the celebration as conducive to upholding and the strengthening and the sweetening of their national life.

The late Earl of Oxford, when Prime Minister, said: "Wales is a single and indivisible entity, with a life of its own, drawing vitality from its ancient roots and traditions." In these words that gallant little Welshman David Lloyd George, added:

"God has chosen little nations as the vessels in which the purest and choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, and to stimulate and strengthen their faith.

He was undoubtedly thinking of "little Wales" when uttering these impressive words. For that small nation has carried its best traditions to the uttermost ends of the earth. "Cymora am Byth."

The Last Word.

If you come from a very old Kentish family, you may be familiar with the last old-world word in the English language. "Zyzz," the final entry in the concluding volume of "The Oxford English Dictionary," to be published shortly, is an old Kentish word meaning "thou seest."

In the production of this work, 1,300 people have been engaged over a period of seventy years, for it was in 1857 that the Philological Society decided to trace every word in our mother tongue. They have unearthed many a quaint survival.

To "wush" means the making of a soft, rushing sound, while to "wife" is to wave, swing, or shake. "Whittler" is the name of a bird, while "wod" and "yoop" is the sound of convulsive sobbing. The "zoold" is a poser; it is something like an animal, but not one in a strict sense.

In all, the dictionary contains 401,047 words.

Spreading the Scout Spirit.

There are now 340,000 Boy Scouts and 430,000 Girl Guides in Great Britain.

One way in which the Scout movement has "caught on" is one of the miracles of modern times. Although it has not yet attained its majority—it forms the Founding-Stage at a great jamboree in the north of England next year—there are now 1,711,643 Scouts and Guides in 54,000 different countries. The number in the British Empire is 582,223. In India alone there are over 104,000 Scouts.

Cross-Pollinization.

Efforts to produce by cross-pollination different varieties of fruit which will be "comfortable" on the Prairie Province farms, are meeting with an increasing measure of success, according to the superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Morden, Man. Fruit plantations bearing well-flavored yields will soon be the rule instead of the exception, he said.

P. E. I. Oyster Beds.

Premieb A. C. Saunders has announced that the oyster industry in Prince Edward Island have been taken over by the Federal Government with a view to reviving the beds, many of which have been depleted. An expert will take over the work.

Most Beautiful Sword.

The British jewelled Sword of State is considered the most valuable as well as the most beautiful sword in the world. It was made for George IV. at a cost of £6,000.

New Short Route to Rouyn.

The Canadian Pacific Express Co. has extended its service into the new gold field of northwestern Quebec, reaching Rouyn over the recently completed extension of the Nipisting Central Railway. This extension provides a new and short route into the rapidly developing mining area.

Flax Growing In Nova Scotia.

A record in flax growing was mate last year on thirty acres in Lunenburg when 12,000 pounds were produced. A larger acreage will be devoted to this plant this year.

FLOODS THAT HELP.

Suffering and Hardship Caused When River Don't Overflow Their Banks.

To the average person floods mean disaster, or, at the very least, intense discomfort and unpleasantness. But in other lands they are a very necessary part of the economy of nature, bailed with delight by the inhabitants.

Yet floods are potentially dangerous everywhere. But where they are usual and expected, as a rule no harm is done. For instance, the rise in the level of the Nile and the rivers of Iraq—the Euphrates and Tigris—is an annual occurrence, and steps to prevent damage to property and loss of life are taken accordingly.

The feeling as the level of the Nile creeps up the ancient Nilometer is one of extreme expectancy, while the rejoicing which ensues when the flood level is reached beggars description. If the water reaches the normal flood level a year of prosperity is in sight, not only for the landowner, but for the peasantry, while superabundance can be expected the deeper the Nilometer is submerged.

In Iraq the flooding occurs twice a year, once on account of the winter rainfall and once as a result of the melting of the snows. Both in Iraq and Egypt irrigation is resorted to to supplement the flooding, and in the latter the flow of water is now largely controlled by marvellous dams and barrages.

Methods in Iraq are less elaborate, but the ingenuity displayed by the natives in leading water to any desired spot by means of small earth dams, in which sluices are cut when a head of water is obtained, is really amazing, especially in view of the lack of education as known in this country.

Such crops as the nomadic tribes cultivate are sown on these occasions, and in some instances are left alone until they are ready for harvesting.

On the northern coast of Africa, where rivers are conspicuous by their absence, the rainfall alone has to be depended upon to flood the wadis or valleys. Here again the nomadic tribes plant the seed and leave the rest to nature.

Both in Egypt and Iraq the banks of the rivers are noted for the "bunds," or embankments. A constant watch has to be kept on these earthworks, especially in Iraq, where the rivers have been known to rise as much as 30 feet in a night. The Tigris and Euphrates have changed their course on many occasions when these embankments have been neglected, and many a British Tommy can tell of nights spent in reinforcing a bund in order to prevent the camp being flooded.

LONDON STATISTICS.

Interesting Facts Compiled by the London County Council.

Piccadilly Circus is not the busiest traffic centre in London. A twelve-hours' enumeration of vehicles passing different points in London on a June July day shows that traffic is heaviest at Hyde Park corner.

This is one of the many interesting facts that emerge from a bewildering accumulation of statistical data compiled by the London County Council.

A total of 55,441 vehicles passed Hyde Park Corner on the day chosen for the traffic census. Trafalgar Square and Marble Arch came next on the list, while Piccadilly Circus was fourth with a total of 39,476.

Some of the statistics are staggering in their immensity. There are, for instance, 1,889,594 miles of telephone wires in London, and 516,229,000 telephone calls are made every year. London has 2,227 miles of streets and 357½ miles of tramway lines. There are 5,349 public-houses in Greater London and 20,058 policemen. Last year there were 9,009 cases of street accidents amounted to 41,019. In one year there were 23,713 inquests and 4,919 fires.

About 10,000 unpaid officials help to administer the local government of London, the expenditure on which amounts to more than £55,000,000 a year. The rate of local taxation on March 31, 1925, was £124,872,727.

More than 18,000 school teachers are employed for 1,577,180 children who attend elementary schools.

The total area of public open spaces in London amounts to 29,652 acres, and the Ministry of Health public libraries, museums, and art galleries, which cost £262,560 a year to maintain.

Capitalized at $150,000,000.

British financiers with prominent local men are asking for the incorporation of a company with $150,000,000 capital with power to build a line from St. Felicien, in Lake St. John, Que., to the border line of Quebec and Labrador and also branch lines. Power is absked to operate hotels, restaurants, steamships, wharves, to manufacture pulp and paper, saw mills, lumbering industries, fisheries and operate blast furnaces and amusement parks along its lines.

Crop Acreage for 1928.

Acreage prepared for the 1928 crop in the Prairie Provinces is estimated at 16,295,570 acres as compared with 15,791,400 acres in 1927, an increase for the present year of 920,708 acres or 5.9 per cent.

Manitoba shows an increase of 53,400 acres or 1.5 per cent; Saskatchewan an increase of 1,005,465 or 12.5 per cent., and Alberta a decrease of 621,531, or 14.5 per cent.

Gold Output of Transvaal.

The gold output of the Transvaal last year amounted to 10,130,630 fine ounces, valued at £42,548,082. The total production of the field from 1884 up to and including the past year is valued at £947,973,880.

A New Weather Bureau.

The Meteorological Service of Canada has established a new weather bureau at St. Hubert Airdrome, near Montreal.

Bore Deeper for Oil.

Improved methods of deep drilling below productive oil sands will disclose, in many areas, deposits of oil not hitherto available and which will mean a reduction in the discovery of new fields, the Mariand committee on conservation, appointed by the American Petroleum Institute, declared in its report.

Improved methods of producing have been perfected, it added, which will make possible recovery of oil from these lower sands; the initial deep drilling had not been reached.

ECHOSLOVAKIA AGAINST LIQUOR.

Czechoslovakia Are Educating Young People Against Evil.

Founded in 1905, the Czechoslovak Society of Total Abstainers has made remarkable progress in its work of educating the masses of the nation, and especially the young people, regarding the evil effects of over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks, according to reports presented to its first national congress, recently held in Prague.

Dr. Bretislav Foustka, head of the Czechoslovak temperance movement pointed out that there were more than 1,000 local units of the society, with 20,000 adult members and more than 35,000 school children enrolled. The society's official propaganda organ, Vyasi Narod, is six years old and has a wide circulation. Pictures and leaflets are used freely in the work of showing the youth of the re-born republic the dangers.

Prof. Foustka, as quoted in the Prager Presse, sees the ultimate "deliverance of the nation from the scourge of alcohol," not in sumptuary legislation, but in preparing the masses for the eventual abolition of the liquor traffic through education based on positive evidence of the advantages of temperance.

Among the many prominent Czechoslovak statesmen and other public men who have been active supporters of the temperance movement as Thomas G. Masaryk, President of the republic, and Eduard Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

EIGHT-HOUR-DAY FOR HORSES.

Six-Day Week Also Advocated In Plan by French League.

An eight-hour day and one day off a week for horses is the starting point of an animals' Magna Charta.

The French League for the Protection of Animals hopes eventually to get the League of Nations to sanction these proposed rights of dumb animals.

Dr. E. G. See, head of the protective society, is actively seeking support for his plan. His proposal is that a number of laws applicable to the labor of man be applied by the Government to the four-footed beasts of burden, to protected now only against extreme physical abuse.

The eight-hour law, he says, and the six-day week are applicable to work by horses as by man. The difference is that the horse has no vote and he doesn't go on strike for better working conditions when he's put to play. He works for his board and sometimes doesn't get it.

Italy's Largest Telescope.

The largest telescope in Italy, with a mirror 40 inches in diameter, is now in use at the Merate Observatory, in the foothills of the Alps, about twenty miles northeast of Milan. Ordered in 1923, when the dust and smoke of Milan made it necessary for the Observatory at Milan to move to a better location, the new instrument embodies all the latest improvements. It is a reflecting telescope, in which the large concave mirror takes the place of the convex lens in the more familiar type of telescope. The moving parts of the telescope, which weigh several tons, yet so perfectly are they balanced that a one-half horsepower motor is adequate for turning the instrument to any point across the sky. The instrument was built by the Carl Zeiss Optical Works in Jena, Germany.

Philosophy of Life.

When a man is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor, he is a bad manger; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is popular, everybody wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to his country.

If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he is a good worker, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for none, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there is a great future for him; if he arrives at old age, he missed his calling.

125 Below Zero In Berlin.

The coldest spot on earth is a new laboratory in Berlin to study the changes that take place in substances exposed to temperatures as low as 125 degrees below zero—within about eight points of absolute zero! This is done by liquifying hellum gas under high pressure, then allowing it to expand, explains the Popular Science Monthly.

At such a temperature some metals, such as silver and copper for example, lose their resistance to electricity, becoming super-conductors. A thread of frozen mercury, it is said, can carry enough electricity for several hundred lamps.

Paving Streets With Steel.

Steel plates may be used for paving future streets in big cities. This is to save periodic repair, which, as towns grow in size and number, becomes more costly and troublesome.

Steel would be an ideal surface, since rubber has now largely replaced metal for solid tyres. Pipes and electric lines could be laid beneath removable plates, thus saving the cost of digging up roads.

A 800-Ton News Mill.

A 300-ton news mill produces sufficient paper for 8,000 sixteen-page newspapers every minute, this paper is made at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Sweden's Re-Forestry.

Sweden is safeguarding its forest industries by growing 70,000,000 more cubic feet of timber each year than are cut down.

$2,500,000 Given to Kansas City.

A fund of approximately $3,500,000, to be administered with few restrictions is the public interest of Kansas City, is the bequest of H. W. Loose, of that city, it is announced by executors of Kansas City. The sum is in addition to funds of $2,500,000 contributed by other members of the Loose family for charitable, benevolent and charitable purposes. The total, the greater part of which will be immediately available for promotion of the city's well-being, is six million dollars.

One of the gifts of the family to the city has been a park for children.

Ready with Easter Wearables at C.D.S.L.

Hundreds of Coats

Emphasizing every trend of the mode
Are on Display in our Coat Section

Groups priced at

$10.95, 16.50, 18.95, 19.75, 22.50

Straight of line--Intricate of cut
Coats for Spring, place much importance on cut and detail.

Never were we so splendidly ready to serve Easter Coat Shoppers. At present we have over 350 absolutely new Spring Coats in stock.

Coats broadcasting every new and important feature of the mode.

Coats broadcasting every new and important material.

Coats broadcasting every new and fashionable coloring.

Here, displayed for quick inspection, are Coats to answer your every day-time requirement.

Here, displayed in the color you prefer, and here at the price you want to pay.

Materials	Sizes	Styles	Colors
Kasha	Juniors	Tailored	Natural
Tweeds	Misses'	Sports	Beige
Polo	Little Women's	Travel	Sand
Velour	Regulars	Street	Tweed Mixtures
Poiret Twill	Short Stouts	Formal	New Blue
Charmeen	Over size	Mourning	Grey
Tricotine			Navy
			Black

SILK DRESSES

A Bevy of Them, Radiant in Spring Smartness, are Ready for Easter Shoppers.

Our dress section has anticipated, and has provided, your requirements in day-time dresses. Assembled are modes, feminine in conception, artistic in construction, gorgeous in coloring.

Georgette and Crepe weaves have formed a fashionable alliance this season and are used almost exclusively.

All that is smart has been amply provided in individual and exclusive ways and all at exceedingly moderate prices.

Values range from $5.95 to $39.50.

Young Men's English Model Spring Suits

Priced from $19.50 to $29.50

It's the English styling of these Suits, that creates such an appealing atmosphere They fit the body gracefully, and compare in appearance with the finest procurable.

They are also tailored with infinite care, the best standards have been observed all the way through. Hence these suits should readily appeal to Men's sense of refinement and value. Obtainable in one and two button D. B., and in two and three button S. B.

Displayed in a fashionable assemblage of plain and fancy patterns.

Choose from plain Blues, fancy Tweeds and Worsteds. Choose one for Easter Sunday wear.

Men's Easter Accessories

Choose Here

Hose Spring's here—spats and goloshes are discarded—your hose are exposed to full view. These new, fancy patterned silks and lisles will stand closest inspection. They'll wear too.

Priced 75c., $1.00 Pair

Neckwear A man has a perfect right to be a bit fussy about his neckwear. He has his notions too. Our Easter assortment of fancy silks in spot, stripe and jacquard patterns are the finest we have ever shown. Assorted colorings.

Priced $1.00, $1.50 Each

Caps Every man is boy enough to want a cap. That longing for a real snappy cap can be quickly and successfully filled from out Spring stock. They're Eastern Brand styles, qualities, Values.

Priced from $1.50 to $2.25

Beneath Your Easter Costume

You must have a sure and reliable foundation.

Our present stocks are complete with smart and fashionable foundation garments—Garments that will mould your figure in a silhouette that's in direct harmony with present day fashions.

The new garments are made from luxurious quality materials.

Our Corsetieres will gladly assist in making selections.

Presenting Spring Hats that are Brimful of Chic

In economical price groups

Ranging from $2.69 to $12.00

Flower and embroidery trimmed hats have re-entered the mode. They create becoming and exceptionally feminine effects. They're effective too, when clustered 'neath a brim, encircling or fashioning a crown. Milliners have simply worked wonders this season with the new straws and millinery materials. Crowns fit with coiffure-like snugness, but many are the vagaries of brims. Some fly out to points and varied broadness. Others turn sharply off the face.

Hats

Men, don't let friend wife get the jump on you in the Easter parade t his Spring.

Choose one of our
New Biltmore Hats

They're the Master Hat of Canada, and there's nothing finer for the money.

Shown in models for men and young men and in three good colors.

Priced $5.00 each

Quality—
Value—
Service—

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

Exclusive Styles
Dependable Materials
Generous Assortments

PERSONALS

Mrs. A. S. Kimmerly is visiting friends in Brockville.

Mrs. Fearnley, Toronto ,is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bristol

Mrs. Wm. Charters is visiting friends in Toronto and Hamilton.

Mrs Harry Finkle, Providence, R.I., is the guest of Mrs. Martha Finkle.

Master Archie Wilson is home from Toronto University for the Easter holidays.

Mr. C. B. Huffman, Bath, has returned home after spending the winter in Sudbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shorey, Palace Road, have returned home, having spent the winter with their son, Dr. K. Shorey, Glencoe.

The many friends of Mr. Robt. Kirkpatrick wil be glad to know he has returned home from the Kingston General Hospital.

Miss Dorcas Randall, Pittsburg, spet the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randall, Thomas St.

Dr. C. G. Nash, of Kingston, spent part of the week-end with his sister, Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin, and nephew, Dr. R. V. McLaughlin.

Capt. Douglas Ham, of the Imperial Army of India, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ham.

Mr. J. W. Hambly and Miss Hambly are spending Easter with Dr. and Mrs. Hollis, in Toronto.

Miss Virginia Rowlands, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and a pupil of Havergal College, Toronto, will be the guest of Celestine Daly John street, for the Easter vacation.

Miss Celestine Daly, attending Havergal College, Toronto, arrives home Wednesday to spend the Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Geale Daly.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wallace and and Miss Helen Wallace are spending Easter at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McKeown and family spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lasher, Roblin.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and family, of Camden East, have moved to Napanee and have taken a residence on Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. Kellener, of Ottawa, are Easter guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Joyce, Robert street. Mr. Kellener is the Progressive representative at Ottawa from Athabaska, Sask.

Mr. George Robinson is in Toronto for a few days

Mrs. Hugh Lowry returned last week from spending the winter with her sons at Akron, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson spent the week-end in Cobourg, the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Tanton.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet at the basement of the United Church on Wednesday, April 11th, at 1.30 p.m. Roll Call "Suggestions for next year's programme." Music and election of officers. Please be present.

The regular meeting of the Napanee Women's Institute will be held in the usual place at 2.30 p.m., on Tuesday, April 10th. The feature of the afternoon will be an address by the District Representative. Business meeting and election of officers.

Sergt. Clarke, of the Provincial Police, and Constable Harry Thompson ,of Napanee, recovered a large sedan stolen from Napanee on Tuesday evning. Sgt. Clarke was returning from Kingston and noticed a car parked at the side of the road near Cataraqui. When he reached Napanee, he was told that a sedan had been stolen. Along with Constable Thompson he returned to Cataraqui and found t he car still there An investigation proved it to be one stolen from Napanee. The tool box had been taken and was found farther down the road. The owner of the car was notified and brought the motor back to Napanee. The police are conducting a search for the thieves.

EASTER SPECIALS

AT DOMINION STORE

Smoked Picnic Hams.....16c. lb.
Smoked Bacon in pieces....19c. lb.
Mayfield Sliced Breakfast Bacon .....25c. lb.
Standard Peas .....2 tins 19c.
Fresh Creamery Butter...42c. lb.
40-50 Prunes .....2 lbs. 21c.
P. & G. Soap.....10 cakes 39c.
Pure Lard, 20 lb. pail..... $2.99
Toddy, 1 lb. tin.....49c.

These prices good all this week.

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

NEWBURGH.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rogers, of Kingston, visited Mr .and Mrs. Alfred Rogers last week.

Mrs. E. Boyce entertained a number of her friends on Saturday, March 24, in celebration of her birthday.

Mr. Albert Vanluven, of Prescott, visited friends in this vicinity during the week. Mr. Vanluven spent several months at Red Lake. He will visit at Wesley, Yarker and Kingston before returning to his home in Prescott

The annual meeting of the Newburgh congregation of the United Church was held on Thursday evening, March 22. There was a fairly good attendance. Reports from the different organizations and activities of the congregation were presented. Judging from the work done and the money raised, the affairs of the congregation are in a very satisfactory conditionand there is much to give encouragement to both pastor and people. A movement was introduced to simplify and condense congregational operations. A motion of appreciation of the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Anderson, and Mrs. Andrson, was introduced. After a number of short speeches by those present, this motion was carried by an unanimous standing vote.

St John's Anglican church are preparing for a concert to be given in April in the new town hall.

Mrs. Bray has returned from Kingston, where she sepnt a few days with her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) E. J. Lee, Colborne street.

Mr. Newton Pillar, of Toronto, was called to see his mother, Mrs. Pillar, who has been quite seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W W. Adams. She is some better at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Embury visited during the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Embury, Napanee.

Mr. F. Frost, the new manager of the Newburgh branch of the Standard Bank, has the occupancy of the property owned by Mr. Charles Walker.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, The Great English Prescription. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 2 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

"THE ROAD TO HEALTH IS PAVED WITH GOOD PREVENTION."

Almost everybody thinks that the other man has the easier and the better job. There is a general tendency to ascribe success to luck. In the same way, many communities excuse their failure to secure health for their constituents because of some local difficulties and, at the same time attribute the success of other communities to "just luck."

It is true that every place has its own problems and difficulties. It is equally true that the healthy community has succeeded, not because of luck, but because its members did what was necessary to overcome their local difficulties.

Throughout Canada you will find a great variation as to health conditions between places that may be fairly compared with each other. There is, of course, a reason for this. This reason is not hard to find ; it is a simple one. Where the best health work has been done, there health conditions are best, and so on, down the scale, the health of the community corresponds to the health work done by the community.

Every citizen should enquire as to the health standing of his home town or county, find out how it compares with others, ask these questions of the local or provincial health departments. Every citizen should then ask himself whether or not he and his fellow-citizens are providing the money and other support necessary to enable the health department to pave the health road of the community with sound preventive measures, so that the citizens may travel along in happiness, free from the bumps of disease, the ruts of ill-health, the sudden, unguarded crossings of epidemics and the unprotected precipices of preventable fatal illnesses.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Sixty generations of Christians have, during the week when the Paschal moon floods the world with light, looked back across the years to "A Green Hill Far Away—where the Dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all." Silence, and then in the dawn of the Easter morn, He calls a woman by name. It is the glory of womanhood that God sent His Son to save the world by a woman and that the wondrous news of a life beyond the grave was first given to a woman. Not to His Mother, broken hearted and weeping, but to Mary Magdalene, "the woman who was a sinner," whose love for the Lord and Master, who had accepted her repentant devotion, had brought her early to the place where, as she thought, all that was left of her Lord lay. Through the ages since the great festival of the resurrection has been called the "Queen of Festivals." It assures us of the certainty of a world to come. In Russia the Easter morning greeting was, "The Lord Has Risen" and the response, "He is Risen Indeed."

* * *

The National Council of Women has received an invitation to put on an exhibition of women's work at the Canadian National Exhibition to be held in Toronto from August 27th to September 10th, 1928. The federated societies will be asked to assist when the plans are matured.

* * *

This is the season of the year when we think of clothes. We need so many more frocks, hats and accessories in the summer than in the winter that for the girl with a slender purse the problem is a difficult one. The suit is the thing for the spring and for early summer and again the wise girl will have a knitted frock, two-piece for choice. So much depends on the ways a girl has of laundering her summer frocks, that it should regulate their choice. The office girl who has to send all her clothes out, should consider that the pretty print frocks that can be bought for a song, may be cheap to buy, but they are a bill of expense. Here is where the knitted frocks come in for they are cool enough on most days, they will clean well and never crush. But a few real summer frocks every girl must have, so make up your mind to a gingham, a printed foulard or crepe. The first spring hat must this year be of straw braid, but later you can wear your felt for motoring or sports The little hats moulded to the head are pretty, but for dress occasions the large hats will be worn with the sides drooped, which will suit some faces, but not all by any means. The effort to bring back the veil is obvious Certainly a thin net mesh veil is convenient, but the veil over one eye has to be skillfully adjusted if the wearer does not want to look grotesque.

* * *

There is a right and wrong way of doing most things. The proper way to introduce strangers to one another is to present the men to the women, the younger person to the older. Say "Mrs. ——, let me introduce Mr. ——." If a young girl or man comes into a room where there are older people, don't say "Jim, you know Mrs. ——" say "Mrs. —— may I introduce Jim ——." And whatever you do, don't say "Meet Miss ——." That awful solecism came from a very poor class of our neighbors to the south and has happily almost disappeared on both sides of the line.

* * *

In two of the latest numbers of good Canadian magazines, articles on the collection of the patterns of the old patchwork quilts designed by the grandmothers of the present generation have appeared with pictres of these patterns. For some time, in this column, we have been talking of quilts, and now we hear that one of our readers has sent very good designs she has gathered from the farmhouses in her neighborhood. We may be able to tell you more about it later.

* * *

"A penny saved is a penny gained," is an old saying and a true one. In every household a good deal of waste goes into the food. The pieces of bread that go into the garbage can that should be dried and grated for dressing, the dripping from meat, the splendid fat that is found on the top of the water let cool after the ham is boiled. Why I made a delicious ginger cake, using the fat after it had been boiled in water to take away any impurities. The potatoes, spinach and other vegetables thrown out because there is not enough left to make a dish for to-morrow's dinner. Think what an excellent salad they would make with a little lettuce and some mayonnaise ! Then the water in which they were boiled that contains more vitamines than the cooked vegetable does ! Good housekeepers make that into cream soup, that is much better than the canned soup, good as that is too. But why throw out what you have to buy ? Save for yourself, for your family and your country. Don't get the idea that it is stingy to save these things. They are no use to anyone in the garbage can, but they will be of use to your family on the table.

* * *

Another way you can make money from the tourists is selling them antique furniture and china, etc. Now we are not suggesting that you should sell your household treasures so long as you can keep them. Don't sell the dear old things so as to buy new ones not half so good. But there are homes that are broken up and people who really need the money and there is a ready sale for antiques. Here is where the depot for sales will come in.

* * *

If your family likes a hearty breakfast, here is a nice dish. Mix at night one cupful of breadcrumbs and one of minced cooked ham, adding enough milk to moisten. Grease custard cups and line with the mixture. In the morning, break an egg into each cup, top with a bit of butter and bake till the eggs are set. Serve them as they are if you like, but some people turn them out on buttered toast and sprinkle with parsley.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON, Next to Odon's.